

THE **Body Politic** 50¢

Gay Liberation Journal

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POLICE:



**Entrapment
Olympic crackdown**

Olympic Crackdown

It was made official over the long weekend in May. Representatives of most of Ontario's gay organizations were meeting in Kingston. They were told by an employee of COJO (Committee to Organize the Olympics) that a directive had been circulated to the effect that nonconforming elements, including gays, were to be driven underground in the population corridor stretching from Quebec City to Toronto.

The COJO employee cannot be identified, and since COJO security documents cannot be copied, the story could not be verified.

But that was hardly necessary. There was no doubt that the police were raiding gay establishments with unprecedented frequency. For a short period in late May and early June, all the baths in Montreal were closed. Identified as bawdy houses and raided by cops wielding axes and crowbars. For a lot of men in Montreal, their first experience of the great Olympic clean-up was the sight of a policeman's axe crashing through the door of their room at the baths.

But the games were only months away and the raids in Montreal and Ottawa were merely the acceleration of a process that had begun much earlier. Fifteen months before, in Montreal:

Reaction:

The Crackdown

On February 4, 1975 the Montreal police raid the Aquarius Sauna Bath and charge 35 people with being "found-in" a bawdy house. Now a gay bath is not a house of prostitution, but the bawdy house laws are double-edged: a bawdy house can be any place that is resorted to for the purpose of prostitution or the practice of acts of indecency.

Charges are almost never laid under that section of the law. In fact, the manager of the Club Bath Chain in Montreal informs us that, to his knowledge, this was the first time in recent history that charges have been laid under that provision of the Criminal Code. But it would be used again and again.

October 17, 1975. The police raid five Montreal bars: the Rocambole, le Mystique, P.J.'s, the LimeLight and le Taureau d'Or. They enter the bars and order all those standing to leave, then check for drugs and under-age drinking. Halloween, 1975. Police raid P.J.'s and Baby Face, a popular women's bar. Plainclothes police enter Baby Face and order those standing to leave. Those lacking proper ID are taken to the police station and held until family or friends bring proof of age.

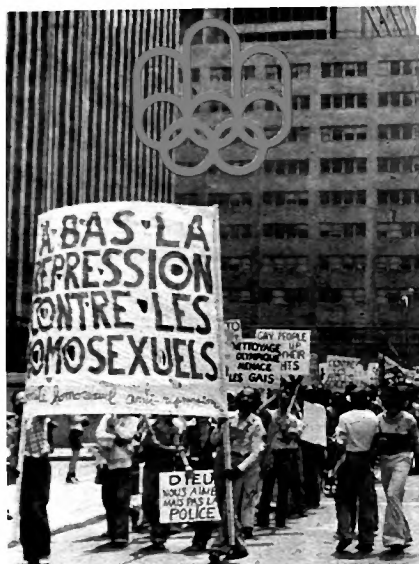
November 7, 1975. The LimeLight is raided again. One officer, when questioned, simply smokes and says: Routine check.

There are reports of as many as eighty arrests during the month of November in the public washrooms of Centreville (downtown Montreal).

In January 23, 1976 police raid the Club Baths of Montreal. Thirty-four men are charged with being found-in in a bawdy house. There had been six hours of surveillance - the police went about in towels, like ordinary customers, for two hours on the nights of January 21, 22 and 23. The raid comes shortly after midnight on the 23rd.

During the raid, an employee offers the police a passkey to all of the rooms in the building. It is refused. The police use axes and crowbars, doing over \$500 worth of damage.

In Toronto on March 10, 1976 two officers of the RCMP Security Service visit Gay Alliance Toward Equality president Tom Warner. They want to know what, if anything, that organization is planning for the Olympics. They're looking for "cooperation." Later in the month, neighbours observe three Metro Toronto police officers entering from the apartment of a Body Politic Collective member while he is away at work. He is never officially told of the visit. By late 1975, the acceleration. The games less than two months away.



FIGHTING BACK: 300 Montreal gays march June 19.

At 1:00 a.m. May 14 the police raid the Neptune Sauna in Montreal and arrest 89 men - it is billed as the break-up of the most important male homosexual prostitution ring in North America. Four men are charged with being 'keepers' of a bawdy house; the other 85 are charged as found-ins.

Again doors are smashed down even though employees offer a passkey. Police forcibly enter rooms with flash cameras and take pictures. In each case the procedure takes only a few seconds. By this means the police convert sexual activity in private - perfectly lawful - into sexual acts in the presence of a third party, gross indecency. Police also seize the Neptune's membership list. It contains over seven thousand names.

Over the weekend of May 13-15, police raid five of Montreal's gay clubs: the Taureau d'Or, Studio One, the Stork Club, Jilly's, and the Crystal Baths. Police reportedly arrive at Jilly's, a lesbian bar, with rifles and cameras.

On May 20, Montreal police raid the Club Baths for a second time and arrest 26 people. Again, most are charged with being found-ins. Then at 2:00 a.m. on May 22 Ottawa police raid the Club Baths in Ottawa - the first raid of its kind in the National Capital Region. Once more employees of the baths offer the police a passkey and

again doors are smashed in. Twenty-seven men are arrested; 22 as found-ins, two for gross indecency and three others with being keepers of a bawdy house. The police seize the Club Bath membership list. This time the cops carry off over three thousand names. Eighteen raids in 15 months and one 'visit' from the RCMP. Eight of those raids occur in the last two months. It doesn't take any leak from the COJO Security Committee to let us know that we are the victims of an Olympic crackdown.

Action: The Gay Movement at Work

Sometimes it takes vicious repression to make people fight back.

Montreal has never really had a truly viable gay movement. Divisions between francophones and anglophones were just one of the problems. But on June 19, the newly formed Comité homosexuel anti-repression (CHAR) organized the largest gay demonstration in Canadian history.

Three hundred gays and supporters marched from Dorset Square past Premier Bourassa's office, COJO headquarters and city hall to Viper Square, where an enthusiastic rally demanded an end to the raids and the quashing of all

charges laid against men arrested in the baths. There were speakers from CHAR, from the National Gay Rights Coalition, from Gays of Ottawa, from the Toronto Gay Alliance Toward Equality, from the Women's Contingent, from the League for Socialist Action. There were messages of support from the main gay organization in Scotland, from the New York Gay Activist Alliance, from the Vancouver Gay Alliance Toward Equality. There was even a letter of support from the parents of one of the organizers. That was the most visible, most militant action taken by the gay movement. But it was not the first.

The news of the raid on the Ottawa Club Bath reached Kingston on the morning of May 22. By noon, Gays of Ottawa, who were there for a lesbian conference, had moved quietly and efficiently into action.

Three members of the executive returned to Ottawa to monitor the situation and arrange appropriate action. By nine o'clock that night GO's statement on the situation had been released to the media and was appearing on the evening news-casts.

Later that night, members of the group toured the Ottawa-Hull bars and clubs and distributed a leaflet alerting the community and announcing a special meeting of Gays of Ottawa to be held the following Tuesday.

By that time, the organization had notified both the Canadian Civil Liberties Association and M.L.A. Michael Cassidy, (NDP, Ottawa-Centre) of the situation.

On May 24 Gays of Ottawa held a news conference at the GO Centre. The media took the situation seriously - by the next day the organization's statement had received sympathetic coverage from both Ottawa dailies, from all eight radio stations, and from the four television stations.

The gay group was informed that on May 25 The Ottawa Citizen held a special internal meeting and decided against publishing the names of those charged as found-ins. It was when the police released those names - a direct result of their mishandling of the homosexual vice scandal - and the criticism to which they were subsequently subjected. Criticism arranged and orchestrated by Gays of Ottawa.

Seventy-three people attended the special Gays of Ottawa meeting May 25. And on May 28, fifty people turned out to picket Ottawa police headquarters. It was the largest public gay protest ever held in Ottawa and received good coverage by the electronic media.

Simultaneously, five thousand kilometres away, the Vancouver Gay Alliance Toward Equality staged a demonstration. Forty people marched in front of the Vancouver courthouse in solidarity with the Ottawa and Montreal gay communities. And on June 18, a forum entitled 'Against Police Repression' was well attended by the city's gay community. Gays in Ottawa, as the day approached for the 'found-in' appeal in court, Gays of Ottawa was referring many of those charged to sympathetic lawyers. And offering counselling to those clients of the courts who were emotionally shattered by the raid.

At a meeting May 26 with Ottawa mayor Larry Greenberg, the group confronted him with the 'clean-up' charge. The mayor denied any knowledge of a 'clean-up,' but admitted that he had no control over the police.

In Montreal, CHAR continued in its efforts to alert the gay community. All of the city's bars and clubs were leafleted with a bilingual handbill which summarized a citizen's rights in the event of arrest or harassment.

They had also decided that gay visibility was important in a city that was trying its best to drive its gay people underground. As a result, three successive weekends of Gay Festival events have been planned to give the community a continuing high profile in the city.

The reaction across the country was quick, efficient and effective. The strategy had two aims: to tell gay people

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Ontario

NDP adopts gay rights plank



Harold Desmarais presents the motion.

The biennial convention of the Ontario New Democratic Party, meeting June 11-13 in Kingston, voted by an overwhelming margin June 11 for a resolution which calls for the inclusion of the term "sexual orientation" in the Ontario Human Rights Code. The vote marked the first time that a major political party has adopted as policy one of the fundamental demands of the gay movement, the recognition and protection in law of the basic civil and human rights of lesbians and homosexual persons.

As introduced by well-known Windsor gay activist Harold Desmarais, the resolution comprised essentially the official list of demands of the Coalition for Gay Rights in Ontario (CGRO). Such a resolution received approval from the Metro Toronto Area Regional Convention of the party in early March. (See *The Body Politic* #24).

The fundamental CGRO demand, that the Ontario Human Rights Code be amended to incorporate sexual orientation, received widespread support from the delegates. It was evident from the debate that a majority also supported some of the secondary demands, in particular, the need to eliminate discrimination against gays in the Ontario civil service seems to have been impressed upon the party by the Darnley case.

Two of the Coalition's points, however, appeared to provoke considerable unease. These were the demands that sex education in the schools should not be based against homosexuality and that sexual orientation should not be a consideration in child adoption and custody.

On the first morning of the convention, Globe and Mail political commentator Norman Webster was busy stirring up prejudice against gay people. In his column that morning he suggested that the gay child adoption and custody demand is one of the "nutty" resolutions of the Ontario NDP.

Webster is the son of Globe and Mail chairman and president R. Howard Webster. This authoritative, it eluded, threat that the newspaper would use the issue against the NDP in the next election was enough to petrify some MLAs and other election-minded people.

After Desmarais presented the introduction of his resolution, two more dele-

gates spoke in its favour. A delegate then moved referral of the resolution to committee with no specific instructions. This procedural manoeuvre would have effectively killed the resolution. But when a standing vote was taken, the motion was defeated.

A second referral was moved, this time with instructions. Odoardo di Santo, MLA for Downsview, called for the removal of the fundamental clause broadening the Ontario Human Rights Code. Members of the Gay Caucus were shocked by the motion. They said di Santo had informed them of his intention to refer, but had assured them he would call for the removal of only the two most controversial clauses.

At this point an eloquent plea was delivered by Hamilton Labour Council member Ted Powell. Powell urged the party to assume a positive and aggressive role in fighting discrimination, in "championing the rights of minority groups," he said, "the party cannot take half-measures. Educating the public about gay discrimination is the responsibility of a party that cares about minority groups."

Following Powell's speech, the mood of the convention was exuberant. Gay delegates were talking seriously of the passage of the entire gay rights package. But then the mood shifted. The next and final speaker attempted to tap the underlying homophobia and prejudices of the delegates. His speech, securing the balance against acceptance of the entire resolution. The decision was close and another standing vote was required. The delegates approved referral to committee, but they effectively deleting all of the resolution except for the fundamental CGRO demand.

When the committee brought back the resolution containing the fundamental demand for gay civil and human rights, the convention passed it almost unanimously.

A maximum of ten delegates voted against the gay rights resolution. There were, however, three important abstentions, by Gay Caucus members Denis LeBlanc, Ian McClellan, and David Dure. They explained their action in the following statement: "The issue before us is a very important first step toward the recognition of the rights of gay people and it is our hope that the convention here today will pass it. However, as gay persons, we feel that to vote in favour would be a compromise of our personal principles. This watered-down version of the resolution denies to us the basic rights and prerogatives given to heterosexuals, in effect, discriminating against us as gay persons. We find, therefore, that we must, in conscience, abstain from this vote."

The victory was the culmination of many months' work by the Gay Caucus. The Caucus is a genuine cross-section of the NDP. The visibility of its members as individual party workers contributed greatly to the victory.

Harold Desmarais is constituency assistant to MLA Ted Bounsall, who represents the strong labour riding of Windsor-Sandwich. Denis LeBlanc and many other Ottawa gays had worked in MLA Michael Cassidy's election campaign. Peter Waite was the party's campaign manager in the suburban Toronto riding of Armadale. Other members of the Gay Caucus are actively involved in their riding associations.

In the campaign for gay rights, NDP gays appeared to people in their own ridings and throughout the province. In addition, every MLA received a letter

with a copy of the gay rights resolution and an elaboration of its clauses. Work was also done within the unions. Ron Cattrick of Canadian Union of Public Employees (CUPE) local 2001 spoke to fellow hospital workers. Kathy Beaman, an articulate radical representing the CUPE Metro Toronto Council and a member of CUPE local 1230 (University of Toronto library workers) also offered strong support.

All segments of the media reported the adoption of the resolution, not just in Toronto and Ottawa, but also in rural southwestern Ontario and north to Red Lake and Mooseonee.

by John Angus & Dan Stalton

Toronto

Women in jeans now OK at gay bar

About 30 lesbians and gay men picked up Jo-Jo's, a Toronto discotheque, during the early evening of June 4. The establishment had instituted a policy of banning lesbians wearing jeans. There were no dress restrictions on men.

Within the week the establishment had reversed its policy. When contacted by *The Body Politic*, the manager stated that Jo-Jo's would no longer close its doors to women in jeans. "However, any women involved in fights will be banned," he said.

The manager denied that the picket had any influence on his decision to change policy.

However, he had received a visit from officers of the Ontario Human Rights Commission. They advised him not to ban women in jeans, but simply to note the names of the fighters. They could then be excluded in the future.

The Commission's visit came as a result of complaints filed by women who also attended the picket. Four separate complaints had been filed.

Two of the women who went to the Commission later told *The Body Politic* that they had gotten a chilly reception when they revealed during the course of their complaint that Jo-Jo's was a gay disco.

They were told that if they were being discriminated against because they were lesbians rather than women, the Commission could do nothing. The officer also noted that some bars probably find it necessary to keep "bitches" out in order to prevent fights.

The women contacted the Liquor Licence Board of Ontario to file a second complaint. They were told that very little could be done. In fact, it was explained to them that the place could probably keep women out if it didn't give a reason for so doing.

Spokespersons in both the gay male and lesbian communities were pleased with the results of the picket and the complaints to the Human Rights Commission.



Demonstrators outside Jo-Jo's, June 4

National
Libertarians organize

A new organization, Libertarians for Gay Rights, has been formed by US and Canadian gay, lesbian and anarchist political philosophies.

Purposes of LGR include promoting continued positive attitudes to gays within the libertarian movement, working for total individual rights for gay people, and advancing opportunities for persons of varying lifestyles to live among each other in peace and harmony, free of coercion.

Membership in the organization is open to gay and non-gay libertarians anywhere in the world.

An editorial by John Vernon in the LGR Newsletter states: "We as libertarians know that the basic premise of libertarianism is the sovereignty of each individual, and that no one has the right to violate the sovereignty of another. This means that each man and woman is his or her own ruler, and may do what he or she pleases, so long as they do not violate the rights of others."

The editorial goes on to say that in order to attain this right for themselves, it is essential that gays come out of the closet and fight.

LGR member Martin Nixon has been chosen as the US Libertarian Party's candidate for New York senator, opposing Conservative-Republican James Buckley.

Membership in LGR is \$5 a year, students \$3. Additional information may be obtained from Ian Young, 315 Banting Ave., Scarborough, Ontario M1N 2S6.

Lavender Tories are coming out

The formation of a gay caucus within the Progressive Conservative Party was announced in Edmonton May 3 by party member and caucus spokesperson Wade Madden.

Madden said that the caucus will campaign for a change in party policy on gay rights, urging the party, its leaders, candidates and MPs to take a more open stance. Tactics will include briefs on key issues, letter-writing campaigns, and the introduction of relevant resolutions at party conferences.

Madden injected the gay issue into party politics for the first time last August when he asked a Progressive Conservative Youth Conference to endorse the removal of prohibitions against gay people from the Immigration Act. The motion failed on a tie vote.

The 'lavender Tories' have circulated a statement on gay rights to Progressive Conservative MPs, securing a positive response from Douglas Roche (PC, Edmonton-Strathcona). And a leafletting of a party conference in Edmonton late in May brought an endorsement of support from Progressive Conservative Youth Federation national president Harry Burkman.

A brief on gay issues, recently distributed to selected PC leaders has so far produced little response, but Madden feels it is still too early to assess results.

Looking at the prospects of the PC gay caucus, Madden says "I sincerely believe that the party will adopt a gay rights policy, but it will only be with the hard work of gay Tories in Canada that this can come about. We must come out and fight."

By Ken Popert

Social Credit overturns gay decision

At a special meeting May 22, the national executive of the Social Credit Party of Canada re-affirmed its traditional anti-gay stand and expelled all known gay members.

A pro-gay ruling had been previously made March 5 by the executive of the provincial party in Ontario. This ruling failed to gain the approval of the general membership.

Ottawa

DSO laws: a call for abolition

Legislation which classifies people as dangerous sexual offenders and which puts them away in prison indefinitely should be abolished.

This is the main thrust of the brief presented May 12 by the National Gay Rights Coalition (NGRC) to the Standing Committee on Justice and Legal Affairs. The Committee is studying Bill C-83, the government's 'peace and security' legislation.

The National Gay Rights Coalition is a coalition of 27 gay organizations from across Canada fighting for civil rights for gay people and for the removal of federal legislation which discriminates against homosexuals.

The Coalition is opposed to the dangerous sexual offender provisions of Bill C-83 because of:

- the difficulty in determining the potential dangerousness of an individual
- the abuses which have stemmed from this legislation in the past
- the vague and imprecise terms of the legislation
- the lack of safeguards and the disregard for the rights of the individual
- the inhumane treatment 'dangerous sexual offenders' have received in federal penitentiaries

In its brief, the Coalition quotes from several studies which show that many persons have been wrongly classified as dangerous sexual offenders under the existing legislation.

The Coalition then goes on to detail some of the more obvious injustices in Bill C-83, including:

- the provisions for attempting to determine 'dangerous sexual offender' status are inadequate
- one offence is enough to classify someone as a 'dangerous sexual offender'
- non-violent offences such as 'gross indecency' are included in the list of offences which can lead to the 'dangerous sexual offender' classification

The individual is not given sufficient time to prepare a defence to the 'dangerous sexual offender' allegation

- despite the severity of the punishment, the individual does not have the right to a hearing by jury
- 'dangerous sexual offenders' who are paroled must stay on parole for life even if they commit no further crimes or misdemeanours and are a model of good behaviour.

"The most blatant of these injustices is obviously the inclusion in this Bill of non-violent, consensual offences such as 'gross indecency,'" the brief says.

Gross indecency is used to refer to all sexual acts, outside of heterosexual coitus, performed by two persons not married to each other, one of whom is under 21, or by any two persons in a public place (which, under the law, includes a park or a parked car, or anywhere at all if more than two persons are present). 'Gross indecency' is only used in cases where there is no violence and both parties consent to the act.

By David Garmale

MPs ignore brief, harangue gays

"It was just like one of our educationalists in the local high schools," concluded Gays of Ottawa President Denis LeBlanc after a presentation by the National Gay Rights Coalition (NGRC) to the House of Commons Standing Committee on Justice and Legal Affairs on May 12.

The Coalition was expressing its opposition to the legislation on 'dangerous (sexual) offenders,' part of the so-called 'peace and security' bill.

NGRC had been called as one of the witnesses and was represented before the Committee by LeBlanc, Ron Dayman, from the NGRC Coordinating Office, and Charles Hill, past president of Gays of Ottawa.

The Committee members did not seem

to have read the NGRC brief which had been distributed to them a week earlier and, instead of engaging in a rational discussion of the points raised in the brief and in the opening statement, they got sidetracked onto unrelated, emotional issues.

In its brief, NGRC calls for the abolition of all 'dangerous (sexual) offender' legislation on the grounds that the present law is inhumane and has been repeatedly abused, that existing sentencing laws are sufficient to deal with violent (sexual) offenders and that both the existing and proposed legislation is based on a concept of dangerousness which is impossible to determine with any degree of accuracy.

Those members of the Committee who addressed themselves to NGRC's call for abolition of the legislation suggested that the demand was totally impractical and not likely to find any support on the Committee.

Mostly, however, Committee members stayed onto territory not covered by the brief. The first speaker after the opening statement, Simma Holt (Liberal - Vancouver Kingsway), said she was concerned with "children who are victims" and proceeded to spend almost ten minutes expressing her concern.

In response to a question from Charles Hill as to why the government doesn't establish a uniform age of consent in order to remove discrimination against homosexuals, Holt said, "I will tell you why I would not agree to that because there is an age where boys and girls are sexually ambivalent" and they are not sure what they are, and at that point they can be turned into a homosexual which is not, as you know, the easiest life in the world for a human being."

"Are you making it any better?" Hill responded.

The Committee was then treated to an emotional tirade from Rene Matte (Social Credit, Champlain) who set the theme for his remarks with his opening sentence: "Our society must be very sick indeed if the government gave you permission to appear before us."

Matte continued in the same vein and his speech contained statements like, "It is ridiculous to speak of discrimination when one sees how many homosexual associations exist," and, "Gentlemen, I think you are all sick and that you have a great deal of nerve to appear before a parliamentary committee."

Matte didn't stick around to hear any reaction, but all three NGRC representatives responded with anger and disgust.

The NGRC Coordinating Office has since written to all MPs on the Committee to summarize again the main points in the brief and to explain that although NGRC stands behind its call for abolition of the legislation, it did not realistically expect the Committee to endorse that call, but that it hoped the Committee would seriously consider removing some of the many injustices from the legislation.

On May 28, in another presentation to this committee, Professor Cyril Greenleaf of McMaster University in Hamilton, who has spent years researching

'dangerous sexual offenders,' made almost exactly the same points as NGRC had made.

Greenleaf, however, was very well received by the Committee and his presentation turned into a very good discussion rather than the confrontation which characterized the NGRC appearance.

As a result, NGRC is hopeful that

some amendments to the legislation might be forthcoming at Committee stage, before the bill goes back to the House for final reading. NGRC plans to keep on pressuring the Committee and especially Stuart Legault, (New Democrat, New Westminster) NDP Justice Critic and the only NDP member on the Committee.

by David Garmale

Toronto



New GATE Executive Committee. (L-R) Brian Mossop, Christine Bearchell & Tom Warner

GATE approves lesbian caucus

The Toronto Gay Alliance Toward Equality (GATE) has decided to formally constitute a Lesbian caucus within itself and has for the first time elected a woman to its executive body. The steps were taken June 5 by the fourth GATE Conference, a special meeting held every six months to assess the group's progress and make plans for the future.

The Conference elected Christine Bearchell and Brian Mossop to the Executive Committee. Bearchell is the Coordinator of the Committee to Defend John Darnley. Prior to his election, Mossop was the Coordinator of the Coalition for Gay Rights in Ontario.

Bearchell and Mossop joined President Tom Warner on the three-person Executive Committee. Warner was elected by the Conference to his third consecutive

term as GATE's president.

Also elected were John Arge, GORO & NGRC; Chris Bearchell, Darnley defence; David Foreman, revenue; Terry Phillips, Gay Rising; Michael Riondi, education; Dan Stanton, membership; Ian Turner, treasurer; and John Wilson, Secretary.

The Lesbian Caucus was approved on a motion by Bearchell. The move was seen as part of GATE's attempt to address itself constructively to the rising interest of lesbians in political activism.

The main work of the Conference was the discussion and final adoption of a resolution put forward by members David Foreman and Dan Stanton. The document analysed past problems of the organization and set priorities for the months ahead.

The resolution was adopted unanimously and now becomes GATE policy for the next six months.

By Ken Popert

4th Annual Gay Conference

Toronto:
September 4, 5, 6, 1976

for lesbians and gay men in Canada and Quebec
hosted by GATE (Toronto), 193 Carlton Street, Toronto

Day care and simultaneous translation services will be available.
Toronto readers: If you can billet delegates, please write us.

Ontario

House debates gay rights

Proposals to include "sexual orientation" in the Ontario Human Rights Code made the order paper twice in the same day recently in the Ontario Legislature. Both were introduced by private members.

The private member's resolution of MLA Margaret Campbell (Liberal - St. George) was introduced during the private member's hour late in the afternoon session of May 6. The resolution had been on the order paper since the fall session of the legislature, and had first been promised by Campbell in a meeting with representatives of the Gay Alliance Toward Equality in December of last year.

Earlier in the same day Ted Bounsell (NDP - Windsor-Sandwich) introduced a private member's bill which would amend the OHRC to include "physical disability, criminal record, political affiliation, sexual orientation" as illegal grounds for discrimination. The bill proposes all the specific changes required in the code. The Campbell resolution is phrased very generally. It proposes only an expression of the will of the House to amend the Code to include "sexual orientation and affectional preference."

A private member's resolution requires unanimous consent of the House before it can come to a vote. Most such resolutions die without fanfare.

cabinet ministers present. Besides Margaret Campbell, four members spoke in favour of the motion. Larry Grossman (PC - St. Andrew-St. Patrick), Julian Reed, (Liberal - Halton-Burlington), James Reineck (NDP - Riverdale) and Ted Bounsell (NDP - Cassidy) (NDP - Ottawa Centre) could not be present but issued a press release in support of the resolution. One member, John Williams (PC - Oshawa) spoke against it.

The debate was generally intelligent and of a high level. In fact, it was so "elevated" that one visitor who had been in the gallery was moved to remark that

their own sexual preferences and not to be discriminated against because of their preferences," said Bounsell.

Campbell was confident homosexuals caused "no damage to the community." Grossman felt that prejudice against "those who simply have a different lifestyle" must be controlled by legislation. Reed warned that "for people of different sexual orientation, freedom and justice in the province are still smothered by prejudice."

Comic relief was provided by the member from Oshawa, John Williams, who said the OHRC was not designed to be "Ontario's answer to Emily Post's book of etiquette and social behaviour." He quoted at length from an American journal of psychiatry to which he had turned for "guidance and advice." There he discovered that homosexuality was "the tip of a psychodynamic, psycho-social iceberg." Amid catcalls from the Opposition, Williams plunged confidently into a semantic quagmire: "I do not think a mantle of normalcy should be bestowed upon persons who do not believe in a totally normal social way as recognized by society."

Opponents black out Damien case

Ontario government employees who stand accused of dismissing racing sleight John Damien last year for being a homosexual, have moved to suppress further media coverage of the Damien case by issuing writs of libel against Damien and others at the end of May. The pretext for the libel action is an article about the Damien firing which appeared last February in *Weekend Magazine*. Ontario Racing Commission director W.R. McDonnell and Consumer and Commercial Relations Ministry personnel director P.G. Williams contend that they were libelled by a statement in the article that Damien had been fired because of his homosexuality.

The action followed the filing of notice of libel in March. The possibility of further libel actions has effectively deterred media coverage of Damien's firing and his suit against the Ontario Racing Commission for wrongful dismissal. Informed legal opinion is that the libel action is completely without substance and has been launched solely to frighten the press into silence on the Damien issue.

With the courts in recess, no further legal activity is expected until August. In the interval, Damien lawyer Harry Kopyto will be doing the research and background work needed for the legal battles ahead, while the Committee to Defend John Damien will embark on a period of fund-raising.

The Ontario Racing Commission has engaged in more than a year of pre-trial manoeuvring, apparently designed to exhaust the financial resources of the Damien campaign before the case comes to trial. For this reason, most of the six thousand dollars which the Committee has so far raised has already been eaten away. Committee Coordinator Chris Bearchell is appealing to everyone who supports John Damien to back up that support with a donation. She also urges supporters to turn out for fund-raising events in their cities to show John Damien that they are behind him all the way.

by Ken Popert

France

Gays demand legal protection

The Groupe de Liberation Homosexuelle is circulating a petition demanding that a 1972 anti-racism law also provide penalties for "any act of discrimination, defamation, provocation or insult directed against individuals or groups because of national origin, race, religion, or sex or because of sexual habits or dress."

from the People's Sex Education and Sexual Liberation Association Newsletter

Ottawa

MP moves to silence gays

The following motion was introduced in the House of Commons on May 13 by Amand Caouette (Creditiste - Villeneuve).

That the House direct the government to amend the Criminal Code to include a provision making it an indictable offence for an individual to expose publicly his or her homosexuality and to advertise in favour of homosexuality.

Caouette introduced the motion with these justifications: "Considering that, since the adoption of the omnibus bill in 1969, homosexuals, not satisfied with being able to do what they want in privacy, between consenting adults, demand the right to attack children, as evidenced by their manifesto demanding the abolition of all legislation on the age of consent, considering also that these repulsive demands clearly show that the liberalization of legislation concerning homosexuality was a mistake and because of the lack of respect shown by homosexuals for the great majority of Canadians."

The motion was introduced on the day following Gays of Ottawa's presentation on the repeal of *Queerous Sexual Offender* legislation. At that time Creditiste MP Renee Martel had urged the gay delegation. Martel seconded the Caouette motion.

Such motions require the unanimous consent of the House. The motion failed.

Halifax

Group disco closes, community centre possible

In the past three months the Gay Alliance for Equality of Halifax has suffered some disappointments and internal conflicts arising out of the operation of *The Other Side*, its Saturday night discotheque. Begun in January as an alternative gathering place for Halifax gays, it quickly became a major success, drawing a genial mixed crowd with its warm conversational atmosphere. It was par-

ty Ken Popert



Ted Bounsell

it was sometimes difficult to know that homosexuality was under discussion at all.

Many of the arguments that the gay movement has used in its campaign for legal changes were identifiable in the speeches of those who spoke in favour of the resolution. This is concrete evidence of the influence that the movement is beginning to have on the thinking of politicians.



Margaret Campbell

A private member's resolution is probably the least effective way to bring about legislative change, a fact of which Ms. Campbell could not have been unaware. Her downtown Toronto riding is thought to contain the largest concentration of gay people in Canada. The publicity generated by the resolution can be seen as an attempt by Campbell to placate a still somewhat unknown quantity: her gay constituents.

Although Campbell had earlier informed *Body Politic* that both Stuart Smith, the Liberal party leader, and Robert Nixon, the former leader, supported the resolution, no statements have been made by either. Most observers see the Campbell resolution as a safe trial balloon on a still politically sensitive issue, with Liberal Party intentions being more good than real.

The Campbell resolution is significant, however, because it is the first time that the sexual orientation amendment to the OHRC has been debated, and favourably, in the Ontario Legislature.

As is usual with private member's hours, attendance was poor. Only the members who spoke plus a few other opposition members remained in the Chamber. There were no Conservative

Michael Cassidy

Frequent reference was made to the complex nature of the discrimination which homosexuals experience, especially at their workplace. Both the Damien and Doug Williams cases were cited as examples of discrimination in employment. Cassidy and Bounsell discussed the circularity of the blackmail argument, pointing out how the power of the blackmail would lessen with the removal of fear from the minds of gay people by a clear statement of their rights in the Code. "Persons have a right to



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NEWS

icularly popular with gay women and
provided a place where gays and
straights could mingle comfortably.
The strain of running the popular disco
soon showed within the GAE, which
found most of its energies tied up in
the operation and in the business manoeuvres
associated with it. In April attendance
dropped off, and the disco was closed at
the end of that month.

The experience had a definite positive
side, however. It made the GAE better
known to Halifax gays, and during its
brief life-span generated a new self-
awareness and pride within the gay com-
munity. The profits from the disco were
put into a special fund toward a Gay
Community Centre, which for the first
time appears as distinctly possible. The
GAE hopes to develop into a develop-
ment meeting place for gay Halifax-
ians. This month the group is experi-
menting with less formal supper-meetings
to encourage new people to attend.

In other news, a Civil Rights
Committee has been formed to develop
a campaign for legislative change on the
provincial level. The group has received
some good publicity, with interviews on
CBC radio and TV and on private sta-
tions, news coverage in the Mail Star
and a major article in the 4th Estate,
the main alternative newspaper. The
good coverage by CBC is ironic in light
of that Corporation's refusal to grant the
GAE access to public service advertis-
ing.

The new executive of the organization
includes: Robert Isnor, Chairperson,
Clyde Richardson, Treasurer and Robin
Metcalfe, Secretary.

Finally, a newsletter is being started,
to be published monthly and distributed
free locally. Individuals wishing to receive
copies by mail send a dollar-fifty for
twelve issues to the Gay Alliance for
Equality, Box 161 Armadale Sta, Halifax,
N.S. B3L 4G9, or call (902) 429-6969.

By Robin Metcalfe

Ottawa

Two more 'sex scandal' victims absolved

Two more cases have been disposed of
in the Ottawa male prostitution affair.
In one case the charges were withdrawn
and the other resulted in an acquittal.
This leaves only one case before the
courts, not counting the assault charges
against two Ottawa policemen respon-
sible for all the arrests.

Not one of the 18 'clients' has spent a
day in jail or paid a fine.

Meanwhile, the Ontario Government
continues to refuse to set up a public
inquiry into the affair, despite the grow-
ing clamour for such an inquiry from poli-
ticians, the media and gay groups. Gays
of Ottawa, the Ottawa Citizen, NOP
MLA Michael Cassidy (Ottawa-Centre)
and Liberal M.A. Albert Roy (Ottawa-
East) have all publicly called for an
inquiry, as has the lawyer representing
Gervais and Methot, the two policemen
charged with assault.

The Gays of Ottawa call for an inquiry
came after the media revealed that the
police had coached a key witness in the
case in the preparation of his sworn
statements.

This was the latest in a series of im-
proprieties which have been revealed
since the case began 15 months ago.

Gays want share of community facilities

Gays of Ottawa (GO) has proposed that
Ottawa City Council provide lesbians and
gay men with access to community-
owned facilities. GO representative, John
Duggan, presented a brief at a recent
open town hall meeting of Ottawa City
Council with approximately 300 people
attending.

The brief pointed out that, although
lesbians and gay men constitute 10% of
the population, the publicly-funded com-
munity centres offer no programs or
events oriented to the specific needs of

gay people.
The brief stated: "we are becoming in-
creasingly angered at those facilities
are available to other citizens for their
creative expression and development but
not for gays, although we vote and pay
taxes equally with them."

Gays of Ottawa has proposed that
facilities of a community centre be made
available for gay community dances on a
regular basis. A gay May Day dance has
been held in the Jack Russell Com-
munity Centre but only after five months of
bureaucratic stonewalling tactics had
been overcome.

The town hall meeting and Gays of
Ottawa's brief received wide media
coverage in the Ottawa area.

By David Garmise

Italy

National congress debates strategy

"Come out of your isolation. Tell every-
one who you are and tell a real pride!"
That is our message to lesbians and gay
men, the message we will take into the
streets of Italy during the coming legis-
lative elections. The Italian Communist
Party in the electoral battle on Radical Party
states and candidates will run as gays.
Our campaign will be a public one. It will
be the first time in Europe that homo-
sexuals will be taking their political and
electoral destiny into their own hands."

With this statement from its final con-
vention document the 5th National
Congress of the Fronte Unitario Omosessuale
Rivoluzionario Italiano, the gay libera-
tion organization affiliated to the
Radical Party, closed April 25.

Two points of view were put forward in
the course of the convention debate.
Some speakers maintained that with an
autonomous movement, gay men and
women can recover their identity and
their right to life and happiness without
non-gays playing a role.

Others said that gay liberation is a
political struggle which must involve a
confrontation with the social structure,
parties and cultural and political organiza-
tions. In this respect, there was harsh
criticism of left-wing parties for their
inability to take on the problem of
sexuality in all its dimensions.

The final document, which received
unanimous approval, declares that the
left and extreme left must take a serious
look at the question of sexual liberation.
To that end, gays who do not find their
views reflected in FUORI are called on to
"actively carry the sexual liberation
struggle to the political groups they work
in". The document adds "FUORI, work-
ing within the Radical Party, and the
other groups that will gradually be
appearing will give birth to a sexual lib-
eration movement."

People's Sex Education and Sexual
Liberation Association newsletter

Toronto

Why you won't find us in Woodbridge

A Toronto area advertising agency rep-
resenting virtually all local newspapers
has refused to accept advertising from
The Body Politic.

The paper had submitted a display ad
soliciting subscriptions. The advertise-
ment featured the cover of issue #24, a
photo of two young men smiling out at
the onlooker.

The agency represents 9 newspapers
from Oakville, Mississauga, Etobicoke,
New Toronto, Scarborough, North York,
Richmond Hill, Aurora and Woodbridge.

In a letter, P.A. Drake, Director of
Sales for Metrosap, advised us simply
that the ad was "unsuitable for publi-
cation."

In a telephone conversation with The
Body Politic, he refused to state why
the ad was unsuitable. He said that
"he knew his readers."

The matter will be brought to the atten-
tion of the Ontario Human Rights Com-
mission during The Body Politic's
presentation to that body in September.

Gays address rights review hearing

The Coalition for Gay Rights in Ontario (CGRO) presented a brief June 17 to the review committee of the Ontario Human Rights Commission (OHRC). The brief, titled "The Homosexual Minority in Ontario," was read at a public hearing by CGRO Coordinator John Argue on behalf of the Coalition and its coordinating group, the Toronto Gay Alliance Toward Equality (GATE).

The review committee was set up in March 1975 by the Commission to recommend changes in the Ontario Human Rights Code. The committee is now travelling around the province and will hear presentations from several new groups of the Coalition.

The CGRO brief was mailed to the Commission and to all MLAs earlier in the year. It documents cases of discrimination in support of its principal recommendation, that the term "sexual orientation" be included in the Code. After reading the brief, Argue presented a shorter paper describing the growing support for such a change both in the gay community and among trade unionists, civil libertarians, political parties, and individual politicians.

Ontario gays first raised this issue in 1972, but have always run up against a stone wall trying to talk to the Commission. Former CGRO Coordinator Ian Turner pointed out to the commissioners present that in 1973 it had been necessary to picket the OHRC office just to obtain a meeting with the Commission to discuss the suggested Code change.

Another brief which touched on the gay rights issue was one based on a survey carried out by Times Change Women's Employment Service, an organization which finds jobs for women. The paper said that "even though sexual orientation was not included in our questionnaire, several respondents indicated that they felt discriminated against on this basis. We feel that a great deal of discrimination occurs in this area and urge that sexual orientation be added to all areas of the Code."

Many of the presentations at the hearing criticized the Commission's failure to fulfill its educational role. Times Change and the Commission placed too much emphasis on conciliation and not enough on enforcement. A GATE representative said the Commission should be empowered to impose meaningful penalties without having to get ministerial approval to set up a board of inquiry and to prosecute.

A member of the audience summed up the need for protection on the basis of sexual orientation when she observed: "It would be ridiculous for women to have to disguise themselves as men, or blacks as whites, to get a job. It is just as ridiculous for gay people to have to disguise themselves as straights."

by Brian Mossop

Kingston

Conference urges Lesbian autonomy

The Queen's Homophile Association of Kingston sponsored a conference May 22-24 called "The Not-So-Private Woman: Lesbian Perspectives in the Gay Movement." Fifty men and forty-five women from Ontario, Quebec, and Nova Scotia attended.

Prior to the conference, Wages Due Lesbians circulated a paper on the imperative need for lesbian autonomy in the gay movement. The paper outlined their reasons for not sending an official delegation to Kingston (see Dykes, this issue). This paper and a letter from Toronto's Gay Alliance Toward Equality outlining its reasons for not sending an official delegation were the only conference documents.

Conference planners had assumed that the way to decide the relationship of women to the gay movement was to have both women and men put forward



Kingston: "Reconvening without the men, the women's conference began..."

their ideas on a lesbian perspective. But the conference chose another direction.

On Saturday morning in the first plenary session Francis Wyland, a member of Wages Due Lesbians, moved that the women meet alone to decide the content of the agenda and the direction that women wanted the conference to take. She pointed out that the first question facing lesbian women was their autonomy in the gay movement, and noted that "the power relation between men and women - the power that men have over us because they are in a world where men have money - and women don't - doesn't disappear when the men are sleeping with each other."

"The power of a movement for gay liberation depends on the power we build, as lesbian women, against the power that men straight and gay have over us. The question we're here to sort out, the men can't help us with."

Reconvening without the men, the women's conference began with a discussion on autonomy and the conflict of interests in the gay movement between women and men. Participants noted that they were fighting for things that won't improve the lot of women at all. As Marie Robertson of Ottawa put it: "When 'sexual orientation' is put in the Human Rights Code it'll still be a woman with no time and no money."

Some women from smaller centres expressed the fear that autonomy would mean either remaining in mixed organizations with no connection to the "autonomous women" or leaving those organizations and thereby leaving the facilities that are necessary for organizing. Others countered that if women in a mixed organization formed an autonomous lesbian group within that organization they would have a stronger voice in demanding that those resources be always at their disposal. It was apparent that changing from the gay movement to a lesbian movement meant something that many women had not experienced before: organizing with other women to build lesbian power.

A discussion on Wages Due organizing developed into a deeper exploration on the Wages for Housework perspective and why lesbian women are fighting in the campaign. The wage, it was pointed out, would allow any woman to leave a marriage if she wants to, would allow lesbians to have children if they want to, and would give all women the power to choose whether or not to be lesbian. Wages Due members argued that participation in the Wages for Housework campaign is a lesbian strategy because it breaks their isolation and increases their power as lesbians.

Some women began talking about past and present marriages and the kind of hold that the men had on them. Others talked about what wages for housework would mean to them. Still others began demanding the right to be paid for what they want to do, to speak about sexuality at women's conferences, to run women's

clubs, and everything else that they could do when they refused unpaid housework.

The women met with the men at the end of the conference to report on their discussion. Their report was made in the form of a written statement:

"We have decided that there exists a need for an autonomous lesbian movement in Canada to fulfill our needs, and thus have formed an informal coalition. Our fight for an autonomous organization of lesbians began at this conference on Saturday morning when we women took the weekend into our own hands. We made this conference our own. However, because of the fact that a number of lesbians are isolated in small communities and feel the need for support from mixed gay movements, this autonomy in some cases will manifest itself as an independent lesbian voice from within those movements."

We realize the need to build our power as lesbian women so that we no longer subordinate our interests to those of the straight women or the men. We straight or gay - and so that our lesbian sisters who are in the majority of cases still invisible to us will have the possibility of coming out.

With the awareness that many lesbians did not attend this conference for various personal and political reasons, we have postponed the formalization of strategy proposals until we have a larger more representative voice. To this end two lesbian conferences will be held. Wages Due Lesbians Toronto will sponsor one this summer on Lesbians and Wages for Housework, and one will take place in Ottawa next fall.

We welcome support from gay men who endorse our stand and believe that the efforts of our autonomous movement will be a positive move in strengthening the fight against oppression.

Women came away from the Kingston conference with a new sense of power and direction. They felt they could now go back to their mixed gay groups and form autonomous lesbian groups whose function would be to organize women to attend the two conferences planned for the future.

by Boo Watson

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Lesbian Autonomy and the Gay Movement

Wages Due Lesbians are a group of Toronto lesbian women who are part of the *Wages for Housework* campaign. *Wages Due* did not send an official delegation to the Kingston Conference on the May 24th weekend. The following paper outlines their reasons for that decision and the need for lesbian autonomy within the gay movement.

From the time we are children our personalities, and therefore our sexuality, are molded to fit the unwaged work that capitalist society forces on women. We are trained to service others — men, children, the sick, the old — by denying our own needs and performing a free "service of love". This servitude is organized through the nuclear family and enforced on us by men. Because they have higher wages men have the power to command our work, including our sexuality.

Our sexuality, therefore, is anything but a "free zone" that we can determine at will. Any control we have over any area of our lives we gain only through struggle. And we struggle against men. Our struggle to be lesbian defies that discipline that would tie us to heterosexual relationships. Women's fight against dependence on men, against isolation from each other, against being able to have children only within the confines of the nuclear family, and against our poverty, are all struggles against the position of powerlessness that unwaged housework puts us in.

At the heart of our fight against unwaged housework is our rebellion against the heterosexual control of our sexuality that affects all of us whether we are lesbian or straight, female or male. As long as our sexuality is determined by unwaged servitude in the home and low paid servitude outside, the enslavement of those who enforce our work — men — is also guaranteed. The price men pay for their power over us is their own daily exploitation as wage slaves. Our dependence on them ensures their dependence on capital, and guarantees capital's control over us all.

To the degree to which women don't have sexual choices, men's choices are limited. One reason why gay men are so vilified is because the female identity is so bound up with dependence and weakness — with wagelessness — that gay men, in taking on female attributes, take on powerlessness, and subject themselves to some of the scorn usually reserved for women. Sexual liberation begins with women's refusal of housework, with our increased reclamation of our time, our energy, our bodies, our sexuality.

Lesbian women, therefore, are fighting for control over all our lives, in order to have sexual choices. We are not fighting for:

- 1) civil liberties only, e.g. equality with men or straight women, because what they have isn't good enough and they themselves are fighting for more.
- 2) a little of our own (the lesbian ghetto) where we are isolated not only from men and straight women but also from the mass of lesbian women who are trapped in relationships with men by the same powerlessness that traps others of us in slums, female job ghettos, and childlessness.

And we are refusing to wait for the Left to construct its new world before we put ourselves and our own needs on the agenda. A society not based on our interests is based on someone else's interest in exploiting us.

We are part of an autonomous movement of women (the international *Wages for Housework* Campaign) whose fight for the recognition of all our capitalist work is the fight for the power to refuse the discipline of that work, especially the discipline of homosexuality. This struggle to build our power always means lesbian autonomy from

those who have more power than us, including straight women, but above all from men, even gay men.

We have heard from the Left, as well as the gay movement, about making common cause with the men, the "human liberation". But the obstacle to human liberation is precisely the power that the men have over us. The common cause of homosexuality, like the Left's call to the Black movement "Black and white unite and fight", ignores the divisions between us and is an obstacle to overcoming those divisions.

The power differential between men and women that we experience everywhere in our society we also experience in the gay movement. Through our struggle we have gained a measure of independence from men, along with the possibility of living with other women. We don't want to forget that independence within the gay movement. We know that gay men think it's hard for them to "come out" on the job, but lesbian women have a hard time finding and keeping the lowest paid jobs even when we stay in the closet. And gay men who are in a crisis have men friends to turn to, which means more access to money, job possibilities, professional advice, etc. than lesbian women, who invariably turn to other women. It also means that many gay men choose to remain married to women, to be weekend homosexuals, out of convenience. Because their wages are higher they can afford to keep a house-slave on whom they depend for their daily reproduction. We stay in the closet — we are those house-slaves — because we cannot afford to leave. Leaving a marriage, for us, usually means leaving behind our children or the possibility of having children. For us lesbian women, wages for housework means wages against heterosexual and for lesbianism, against the power that all men have over us, both straight and gay.

We cannot say it enough: although men are also exploited by capitalism, they are the instruments of capital against us. Men will dominate us unless we are strong. They will use us as long as we are weak. We will be weak as long as we are not an autonomous force in both the women's and the gay movements. Only to the degree that we develop our own power will we be able to set the terms of the support that the men give us. When we aren't autonomous of men, we fail to undermine their power over us. When we are autonomous of men, we demonstrate how, in support of our fight for power, they gain power over capital.

We urge the gay movement to take a clear stand for lesbian autonomy. Unless we lesbian women can build our power we will always risk gay men building their power at our expense. Our fight is to end the system which commands our work by keeping us weak and penniless, and which deforms our sexuality and our relationships with one another. Lesbian autonomy is a power in that struggle. And it is a power to all those, lesbian or straight, female or male, who are struggling against their own exploitation at the hands of the same system. □

... the difference between men's and women's wages is increasing. In 1971 the average man earned 41% more than the average woman. By 1973 it was 45.7% more. In Ontario in 1974, women waged workers earned \$1 billion less than if they were men. 5% of all women below the age of 25 have annual incomes of less than \$5000. Almost 50% of mother-led families had an income of less than \$4,000. 22% of single fathered families had less than \$4,000. A male head of family has a 9.3% chance of living below the poverty line. A female head of family has a 40.1% chance.

Wages Due Lesbians
P.O. Box 38, Station E
Toronto, Ontario

ASTROLOGY

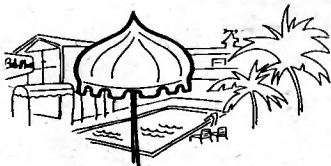
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How one gay teacher discovered
the frightening powers
of the police and the courts.

Entrapped

by John Townsend

He's in his forties now, owns a small business. The kind where you have to meet a lot of people — he's good at it, loves to talk, laughs easily, understands people's enthusiasms, finds it easy to share them.

John Townsend is not his real name, but his story is true. It is a frightening story. Most of us will only hear about cases like John's. But all of us have to remember that entrapment is a weapon that the police always have at their disposal. It usually works. Most people plead guilty, pay their fine or serve their jail sentence, and then go about the business of trying to live with a criminal record. It's important to know that, like John, you can fight back. And win. John is not completely out of the closet. His involvement in teaching has prevented that. But the circle of friends and acquaintances he's told has grown over the years. That probably made the difference between winning and losing. If no one at your job, or among your straight friends, or at your church knows you're gay, you stand alone when something like this happens. No one to vouch for your character in court, no one to turn to for financial help, no one to offer encouragement and reassurance. In the final analysis, the further you're out, the safer you are.

It happened over five years ago, but it could also happen tomorrow. Somewhere in Canada, it is probably happening today.

I now frequent these places less often (the libido decreases by the mid-forties). When I am there I am more discreet. I suspect the police have not yet changed their priorities.

The Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto was the locale, the Coliseum to be exact. Second floor, north wall, middle section, men's washroom. There was a large display on drug abuse in the adjacent gallery that summer. Since I was planning a lecture on drugs to high school students, I checked out the display first, then the can.

I remembered from a few years earlier that that particular washroom was somewhat active, had walls covered with years of wonderful graffiti, and had several square (7' large) (1) glory holes at appropriate eye, crotch and lip level.

It was getting fairly late, past eight, and there was very little coming and going. But more graffiti had been added

in the years since I had last been there, so I played musical stiffs for a time.

About 8:30 I heard footsteps and someone entered the stall to my left. I could see (the hole was quite big) that he was a windbreaker, casual slacks, and was quite husky. Soon he began playing footsy beneath the partition — up and down, move an inch over, up and down. When his shoe crossed the and invisible line separating our stalls, I reached down and pushed it back — no adverse reaction — part of the big come-on. Then he made some simulated jack-off movements. His trousers had not been lowered, so I could see nothing but the gentle joggling of his hand.

A quick glimpse of his face revealed a fairly handsome, mid-thirties, husky truck-driver type. By now I was aroused. He was undoubtedly aware of this. He began to beckon to me — a gesture that was clearly an invitation.

I stood up and later testified that I started to dress. He claimed that I moved towards the opening and actually started to put my penis through the glory hole. A moment after I stood up there was a loud pounding on the door of my stall — "Open up, you're under arrest!"

Some of the events recalled here are clear in my memory. Others are hazy or have been suppressed. I remember hesitating, being slow and reluctant to open the door. He was looking over the partition — obviously standing on the john. I think it was then that he showed me his badge. Or it may have been after I finally opened the door — I feared all the pounding and shouting might draw a crowd. I found myself face to face with his accomplice in entrapment — an older, less attractive man.

I was seized somewhat roughly, marched out of the can, down the back stairs, and into the deserted north lane. The first question I was asked — "Are you married?" — indicated to me that the behaviour they were later to allege I committed must be fairly common among married men. To this day I think if I had lied and answered "yes", I would have been released with nothing more than a tongue lashing. Or maybe an offer of release if they were privately accommodated, since, as we all know, many cops like having their cocks sucked too.

I was asked for identification. I handed over my wallet which he started to open, then quickly handed back for me to open. I showed them my driver's licence.

They were obviously not looking for a bribe.

It was now about 9 o'clock. The next six and a half hours were just the beginning of a six-month ordeal. First to the Canadian National Exhibition sub-station and an encounter with the arresting officer's superior — a short, stocky little "nazi" with a brush cut who looked at me with hatred and contempt. My belt was removed — no messy suicides, please. Was this routine, or had past experience indicated that an arrest by entrapment was so traumatic that a suicide might ensue?

I was placed in a cell by myself, though I was joined later by five young guys who had stolen some midway tickets. One boasted that as soon as the police learned who his father was they would all be released. That kid had certainly learned how our just society works. They were all sprung by eleven without the aid of a lawyer. They joked about the police report one had read in the outer office concerning some queer who had tried to give a cop a blow job. I wanted to tell them they had it backwards.

I started to feel faint and developed a cramp. A nice cop brought me some water and allowed me to go to the can. I had no sooner sat down on the john when I heard the rattle with the brush cut ranting "where's the taggot?" and the door of the stall was yanked open. More venom, and I had to finish my messy shit while he watched.

Shortly after midnight I was handcuffed, led to the paddy wagon, and driven to the main police headquarters on College St. in order to pick up a kid who was so stoned he was incoherent and could hardly stand. Then over to Jarvis St. to be photographed and fingerprinted (one file for the local police, one for a copy to the RCMP, and one for the FBI. Scotland Yard doesn't count.) After this session (it was now about 2 a.m.), we left for Station 52.

The sergeant at the desk asked leading questions, and was annoyed that I panicked them.

"What was the other man doing?" "What other man?"

"The one you were involved with."

"I wasn't involved with anyone."

"The man who was next to you."

"I don't know if anyone was next to me, and if there were I wouldn't know if it

was a man or a woman."

"Come on now, you were in a men's washroom, weren't you?"

And so on.

When I asked to call a well-known, young civil rights lawyer I could see their ears perk up.

"How do you know about him?"

"Through the New Democratic Party and his civil rights work."

I was not allowed to dial his number. A constable appeared to do so, but said he got no answer. At the time I didn't doubt he had dialed the number (I was still innocent in the ways of the police), but when I later heard the distortions in their courtroom testimony, I now doubt that he did.

I can't recall exactly when I was told what I was charged with. In preparing this account I could have sought out the court records but I preferred not to. Charges be damned! They almost always lay a double charge, one of which is an indictable offence — up to 5 years in prison. You're supposed to be willing to plead guilty to the lesser charge in return for their dropping the greater. I was charged with counselling to commit the indictable offence of gross indecency, and attempting to procure someone to commit an act of gross indecency.

I was finally fruddled off to my modern, clean bare cell. I had just folded my jacket to make a pillow when the bail granting official arrived and asked me a few questions.

"Do you own your own home?"

"No."

"How long have you lived at your present address?"

"Three and a half years."

At 3:30 a.m. I was released on bail (personal bond) and staggered somewhat dazed into the cool hours of a late summer night. I waited what seemed an eternity for a taxi on west Dundas St., finally arrived home, gave the cabs some milk, climbed into bed at 4:15, and set the alarm for 8. I had to be in court at 10.

The first court appearance was brief. The case was remanded until a later date. Was it at this appearance that I first pleaded not guilty?

I soon contacted the lawyer I hadn't been able to reach. He turned me over to his partner whose first question was "How much do you earn?" When I told him \$15,000 he agreed to take the case but needed \$750.00 down. He added



Entrapped...

that it would cost me between \$1,000 and \$3,000 depending on the outcome of the trial and whether there was an appeal. I should have told them I had only been earning a good salary for a year since three of the four previous years had been spent as an impoverished graduate student working on a doctoral thesis.

I was afraid the whole thing would erupt in the scandal press, and that I would lose my job. The lawyer assured me that this was very unlikely. However, the next few weeks were filled with anxiety.

My lawyer instructed me to start seeing a psychiatrist. This was "necessary" so that if I were found guilty the court would be lenient. I phoned a psychiatrist I had seen some years earlier. But when he learned that it might involve a court appearance, he declined; not too graciously I might add.

I then thought of a local psychiatrist who had written a book on homosexuality. Anyone who had done that must, I naively thought, be sympathetic to homosexuals. Although it was irregular without an referral, his receptionist booked me an appointment. When I met this psychiatrist and he learned I had been referred he was very annoyed.

When he further learned my reason for consulting him he was openly contemptuous, and said that if I was truly interested in being "cured," he would consider me as a patient after I got out of jail. After telling him I had obviously made a mistake, I thanked Dr. David Cappon for the 22 minutes of his time - time for which I later received a bill in excess of \$50. (For those few who are unaware of Dr. Cappon's reputation, in the opinion of many he is undoubtedly Canada's most notoriously homophobic psychiatrist, and his book, *Toward an Understanding of Homosexuality*, is another pseudo-scholarly attack on gay people. Ed.)

My lawyer finally put me on to a straight but sympathetic psychiatrist who was a big help over the difficult five months to follow.

The preliminary hearing took place in October. My lawyer didn't even show up until after the police testified and I had pleaded not guilty. I gave almost no consideration to plea bargaining - i.e. pleading guilty to the lesser charge in exchange for having the greater dropped. It was outrageous that the police would stoop to such tactics to make an arrest in a situation where no crime was committed or contemplated. I'm slow to anger, but for years I've been associated with Canada's socialist parties, the New Democratic Party, and its predecessor, the CCF. Both are parties with a history of opposition to police state mentality.

At my request my lawyer asked for a late date for the trial. It was set for early in the new year. I remember being annoyed to see my lawyer laughing and joking with the arresting officers and being reassured by him that such "friendly" would pay off at the time of the trial - they would be more cooperative, less defensive, etc.

The next two months were especially difficult. At work, only one colleague, who would later testify, knew I had also told several of my closest straight and gay friends. But I decided not to tell my family - neither my adult parents nor my sister - whom I had never come out to. I had only discussed homosexuality with her in reference to an obviously gay cousin.

Her comment was "It's awful, it's terrible, it might have a homosexual in the family." I had to have three character witnesses. Fortunately, a life-long friend was as outraged as I was. I had told her and her husband that I was gay some years earlier. She had three sons who liked

and respected me, she was a high school teacher and therefore the ideal witness. She could not then (nor can she today) understand how anyone could enjoy sex without emotional attachment. Sex in baths, parks, cars or theatres may not be first rate, and is certainly not the first choice for a lot of people, but it can be quite exciting.

The second character witness was my junior colleague at work - a stunning, sophisticated blonde-haired European. I knew the kind of effect she would have on the jury. She would help establish my "heterosexual credentials," and as distasteful as that might be, I had to do it. She had known for months that I was gay - "you don't respond to me as straight men." We had had several blue knitted dresses. So good, in fact, that my lawyer insisted she come for the third unscheduled morning so that during the summing up she would be seen to have a continuing interest in the outcome of the trial.

The two men I chose included one of my best friends, but the lawyer decided against using him because he was unmarried and lived with his mother. The third witness was a United Church minister active in left-wing and civil rights causes.

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I was shocked when one of the police testified that a young boy had rushed out in disgust shortly before they entered. There was no such boy. I had been alone in that washroom for 10 or 15 minutes before they came in.

My lawyer and I discussed together the possibility of the witness being in the account the two officers gave at the preliminary hearing. I still find it curious that on one key point their testimony differed. And on one descriptive point, the officer who had acted as agent provocateur was clearly in error.

A week before the trial, the lawyer said he had to have his fee in full before the trial began. I scrounged around for the additional \$1,000 - a total now of \$1,750. He estimated that the trial would last 2 days.

To my surprise, one charge was dropped and a third was added on the day of the trial. I was astonished that this was allowed without any advance notice so that an appropriate defense could be prepared.

The surroundings in the new provincial courthouse were austere but impressive. I had elected trial by jury. I was present at the jury selection. No women. The crown had the right to reject an unlimited number of prospective jurors. They rejected about 8 - all the young, long-haired ones or anyone with a "flavour" in an artistic field. My lawyer was a good lawyer, but I don't think he could reject three. He rejected two. This exercise in pre-trial bias over the proceedings began.

I looked about me. The usual courtroom scene. However, some of the court flunkies were obviously sympathetic, and at least one of the shorthand court reporters was gay. The crown attorney - young, and handsome. The judge was approaching middle age but still retained his good looks. Most of that first day was spent in description of events that were alleged to have taken place.

I was shocked when one of the police testified that a young boy had rushed out in disgust shortly before they entered. There was no such boy, I had been alone in that washroom for 10 or 15 minutes before they came in.

Some time was devoted to a definition of privacy. There was a lot of precedent citing and involved legalistic wrangling, and even now I can't see why it had any particular relevance to my

situation. But the judge, crown attorney and my lawyer all enjoyed the ritual of dissecting precedents and conferring on fine points of law. Anyone could tell them what they would otherwise have been a routine, boring (and expensive to the taxpayer) case. It was intriguing that the go-behind arresting officer stated that he had known about those glory holes since he was a teenager in the nearby neighbourhood of Parkdale. Had he volunteered for the morality squad out of a decade of frustration?

The second day was given over to character witnesses. All were quite effective, though I was hurt and disappointed that my lifelong friend were a wig - the only time I had ever seen her do so. My colleague looked terrific in a new ice-blue knitted dress. So good, in fact, that my lawyer insisted she come for the third unscheduled morning so that during the summing up she would be seen to have a continuing interest in the outcome of the trial.

It was on the second day that I was suddenly asked: "What is your opinion of homosexuality?" I don't know why my lawyer didn't warn me of this possibility. I hesitated. Even my lawyer seemed surprised, but finally registered an objection. I had to leave the room. The objection was overruled. It was sustained, so I didn't have to answer.

One of the discrepancies in the two arresting officers' testimony was their description of events leading up to the arrest. The one sitting in the john said

his door was open so that the other standing six months I took a vacation in Morocco and Spain. I met 8 delightful young men in 9 days in Tangier, and in the now closed gay Festival Bar in the Hotel Cappon I saw a soldier sitting with a cop. How's that for a future shock?

On my return, I found a registered letter from my lawyer with the intimidating heading: "Re: Counsel to Commit an Offence." The letter was dated 11/11/76 for an additional \$1,200, but "in view of the circumstances," he declared he would settle for \$1,000. We finally agreed on \$500 more. I often wonder if there was any connection between his joking with the police, the convenient discrepancies in their testimony, and the additional \$1,000 I was asked for.

I did not have a small sum. Over two thousand dollars, psychiatrist fees, and six months of anxiety. But I was found Not Guilty. Even those straight, middle class jurors couldn't sanction such reprehensible police persecution. I kept my job, though I've since left of my own volition to open a small business. My PhD thesis was accepted, and the last paragraph on the acknowledgement page was a "thank you" to the four first rate

individuals who testified on my behalf or were prepared to do so.

What if I had been found guilty? In theory, I could have received a prison term of 5 years on the indictable charge, but I would more likely have been fined \$500 or \$1,000. I would have been associated with a criminal record, and lost my job.

I still feel the adrenalin flowing when I enter a cruise car just as others do in bars, clubs, parks or theatres. I know the idea of washroom sex is repugnant to some people, perhaps even more so than police entrapment.

Those who express disgust with washroom sex, and to the extent that certain things occur relatively regularly: one, that gay people who want sex there are likely to press their attentions on men who simply view the facilities, and two, that the sexual acts themselves will be on view and will offend.

Both of the above do occur occasionally, and to the extent that both still offend a sizeable number of people, I feel that society has a right to impose sanctions. But the transgression ought to be seen as a *misdeemeanor* - similar to a parking ticket.

However, the overzealous homosexual pressing his attentions on the unwilling, and on a glaringly public sexual act as great as a result. Do not expect any physical love occur privately in the stalls, are over quickly and never come to the attention of anyone. It is usually quite safe to use the facilities, and two, that the sexual acts themselves will be on view and will offend.

Those are enough willing people who come into it to make such an imposition on the uninterested quite unnecessary.

Finally, a few dos and don'ts for you innocent taxpayers. If you get caught, do not be ashamed. Do not admit to anything. Do not plead guilty to a lesser charge if they promise to drop the greater as a result. Do not plead guilty at all unless you've given the matter a great deal of thought and have discussed it with your lawyer. The legal fees necessary to fight the case will be a lot larger than the fine you will get if you pleaded guilty. But remember: a criminal record may affect your earning capacity for the rest of your life. Do get a good lawyer. Think about the consequences. Be likely to suggest one who charges reasonable rates. "Do dress well and behave courteously in court (how else?). But don't get caught. That good-looking but repressed, frustrated and not so friendly cop. (And remember - in Ontario legal aid is available and will pay lawyers' fees if you qualify.)

It happened to John over five years ago. But it still happens. The Body Politic received a call while this article was being prepared. The caller was a young man with an almost unbelievable story.

He had been cruising *Wend Beach* in Toronto. An attractive guy was lounging about on the beach. The caller was something not right about him though, "bad vibes," and Richard (not his real name) asked a direct question: "are you a cop?" The man said no, he was a draftsman. A bit more conversation followed, during the course of which Richard was able to repeat his question and get the same response. Two details.

Richard invited him to get into his car - it was a chilly day. He put his hand on the guy's knee. That was all that was needed - he was arrested. A very decent assault on a male. The cop's simple statement: "I can lie and I did."

Evidence elsewhere in this issue suggests that the police are cracking down on gay people across the country. Be extremely careful. But if you're entrapped, like John or Richard, be prepared to fight. Chances are, with a good lawyer, you'll win.

Our Image

The BP Review Supplement

Number 4

Toeing the Line

In search of the gay male image in contemporary classical ballet *

by Graham Jackson



The Ballet, 'Monument for a Dead Boy,' was first performed in Amsterdam on June 19, 1965. Produced by the Dutch National Ballet, 'Monument' was the work of Rudi Van Dantzig, co-artistic director of the company.

'Monument' was one of the first ballets to deal with homosexual love. On a stage, empty but for some impressionistic, Noguchi-like set pieces, a young man, the title character, alternately stabs the air with his arms in what seems like a futile attempt to break free of his past, and doubles up in a foetal position while a flock of black-draped figures hover near. This balletic agony is supposed to represent 'homosexual conflict', to borrow a

phrase from one of the less enlightened reviewers.

The boy it seems has been traumatised by a brutal display of parental cotus. He can't make it with a snaky seductress in blue; he feels dirty just thinking about it. He wants to go back to the days when he kissed a little girl among the hollyhocks, but his innocence is irretrievable and he turns to a young man for comfort. For this, the boy is taunted and gang-raped by a pack of schoolchums. With insult heaped upon injury, the boy kills himself — of course.

Van Dantzig's use of symbolic gesture in 'Monument' is vague enough to allow of several interpretations, but the above is the most popular one with the critics and, all benefits of the doubt aside, the most logical.

In 1965, 'Monument' was bold and daring. While it didn't garner rave reviews, the public and the critics treated it seriously. In early 1966, ballet critic

Peter Williams interviewed Van Dantzig in the British journal, *Dance and Dancers*, and reviewed 'Monument' as

'one of the most distinguished works to emerge from the mainland of Europe in many a long year'. Typical of the seriousness with which critics felt compelled to discuss 'Monument', Williams wrote:

It would be a grave mistake to dismiss 'Monument for a Dead Boy' as something merely with a homosexual label. Admittedly homosexuality is touched on, it would be hard to create an honest work about adolescent mental confusion which didn't, but such suggestion is only a small part of the build-up of forces which can lead youth to a violent cross-roads — leading possibly to suicide. Where the depth of this document lies in its honest approach to the lack of care which can lead to the bruising of a tender and unformed mind — possibly beyond redemption.

After its first presentation in New York by the Harkness Ballet on November 2, 1967, Doris Hering, reviewer for *Dance Magazine*, didn't mince her words: she knew what 'Monument' was all about. 'Monument' is, quite simply, about how a homosexual gets that way," she wrote in her inimitable jargonese.

Although not as pussy-footing or sentimental as the British press, Hering and the New York critics tended on the whole to admire 'Monument' more than their overseas colleagues. 'Monument' had the gutsiness and, yes, the vulgarity that American dance critics eat up. The subject matter not only shocked them, it also titillated many of them. Men touching one another in a sensual way! How different from all those pretty girls in white tulle! The serious young men who had set through countless 'Giselles' and 'Swan Lakes', more interested in the boys in white tights than the prima's poutettes, took to championing 'Monu-

*I have not attempted to analyze the female image in contemporary ballet in this article. I feel that a woman should do that. There is certainly enough material to make such an analysis worthwhile.

Our Image

Books Mass Media The Arts



What's in 'Our Image'?

As gay people, we see ourselves being portrayed by our culture in innumerable ways and in various media and forms. The books by us and about us proliferate; they need to be reviewed and analysed. The traditional forms of 'high' culture — art, music, dance, theatre — are beginning to incorporate gay themes or characters, with varying degrees of success. We should be assessing what they do. The mass media — the daily press, television, radio — reach millions. It is crucial that we monitor the coverage homosexuals receive there. Gay people are attempting to uncover our lost history and we want to share some of that research with our readers.

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Contributors

Barry Adam is a doctoral candidate in sociology at the University of Toronto and a member of the Gay Academic Union.

Andrew Hodges, a native of England and co-author of the influential pamphlet *With Downcast Gays*, is a mathematician doing research at Syracuse University in New York State.

Graham Jackson is a Toronto writer. A collection of his short stories, *Gardens*, was recently published by Catalyst Press.

Gordon Montador, formerly from Vancouver, lives and works in Toronto.

Anton Wagner, 27, is dramaturge at the Playwrights' Coop in Toronto.

Ian Young was one of the founders of the first Gay liberation organization in Canada, the University of Toronto Homophile Association. A well known poet, he lives in Scarborough, Ontario, and runs Catalyst Press.



'Monument for a Dead Boy', Harkness Ballet, 1967. Helgi Tomasson in the principal role.

ment' as the beginning of a new era in dance. Pretty soon, 'Monument' was in the repertoire of two or three dance companies, and choreographers in the States and Britain were vying with one another to produce a ballet on a homosexual theme. But this was the era of 'The Boys in the Band' when the sentiment, 'Show me a happy homosexual and I'll show you a gay corpse', was a popular one and most of the offspring of 'Monument' were, as a result, lund and bleak.

In 1973, 'Monument' was revived by the American Ballet Theatre (after the New York City Ballet, the most important company in New York). This time, however, the critics were not impressed. In fact, they reacted with a yawn. Even those serious young men who had made such a fuss on its first appearance now sniggered — after the polemics and the parades, who wouldn't? Van Dantzig's psychologizing seemed thrice as rare and often downright silly to them.

One of the most eloquent dance critics writing in the States today, Jack Anderson, summed up what he thought had happened to 'Monument' in the eight years since its world premiere in these words:

What has caused 'Monument' to crumble is a shift in social attitudes. In 1967, its presentation of homosexuality started us. Since then, thanks to the sexual liberationists, we have become slightly less self-conscious in our discussion of sexual matters. 'Monument' survives from a period in which, possibly to mollify the prudish, an artistic representation of homosexuality had to have a slightly whining tone and an obligatory unhappy ending.

What then can the National Ballet of Canada be thinking of when, just this year, it added 'Monument' to its repertoire? It has often been said that we are culturally a few years behind the U.S., but this is ridiculous.

The acid-penned critic for *The Globe and Mail*, Lawrence O'Toole, praised the National's production, but called the ballet "a slow ache." William Litter of *The Star* also drubbed 'Monument' for being clichéd and boring.

Who decided to include 'Monument' in the repertoire? Is the decision a significant comment on the direction classical ballet is taking in this country? Is this as daring as the National wants to get in its balletic treatment of homosexual love?

To try to understand the thinking that prompted yet another production of 'Monument', I talked to Peter, one of the major dancers in Van Dantzig's work here. Although I didn't get answers to all the questions, I learned a lot.

Graham: Why 'Monument'?
Peter: The company wanted a work by Rudi Van Dantzig. 'Monument' was

the obvious ballet. It really didn't have anything to do with the subject matter.
G: Whose decision was it — ?

P: David Haber (former artistic director) was responsible for getting the work.

G: How would you describe 'Monument'?

P: It's about a young man who's on the verge of deciding whether to go on or whether not to go on. In the ballet he basically goes over his past life. I won't go into specifics about each of the relationships he has but in order to go on, he has to leave his youth behind him, he has to break away from, say, the girl in blue, the girl in white, and his youth completely. As far as I'm concerned, the boy does break away.

G: Then you don't think the ballet is really about homosexuality?

P: I never saw it as being a homosexual ballet. Originally I did, then I found out that it really wasn't about that. The relationship with the boy is an important aspect of his life, but whether there was actually any homosexual relationship isn't clear in the ballet. He (Van Dantzig) didn't want to make any points.

What puzzled me the most was Peter's initial refusal to recognize the obvious, i.e., the homosexual content of the ballet. Was this a personal evasion, I wondered, or was he merely toeing the party line? If he were straight, then his



Gerald Arpino of the Jeffrey, a 'mid-town', 'mid-cult' company

interpretation of 'Monument' would be understandable if not acceptable. But Peter is gay, as he confessed to me later on.

We had been talking about the possibility of trying out a gay ballet at the National's annual workshop in Toronto, a forum for the choreographic talent of the company's dancers, when he opened up:

G: Would you be interested in doing a gay ballet?

P: I'm really leaving it open now. (Pause.) When I do ballets about sex that involve something between a man and a woman, I really don't know what I'm talking about and I can only do it as something between two men as I know it. So it's always there if you know me.

My obvious rejoinder would have been, "Well, why don't you do a pas de deux for men?" but Peter seemed so awed by the notion of presenting a gay ballet, fearful of repercussions from the almighty board of directors, which might affect his career as dancer and choreographer, that I forbore saying anything. In fact, I already knew the answer to my



Edward Villella: "a question of muscle"

G: Do you think the ballet is dated?

P: I don't think it's dated. Ten years ago the thing that stuck out about 'Monument' was the fact that there was a homosexual relationship in it. What people termed a homosexual relationship. There actually is a homosexual relationship, I will admit that. One out of three relationships is gay.

unspoken question.

When, at the end of the interview, he requested that I not use his real name, I realized that there was something more rotten in the state of ballet than 'Monument' for a Dead Boy, that the latter was just a symptom of a much larger problem.

the contrast between a male and a female form is more interesting in terms of line, etc., than that of two male forms. It is noteworthy that these dance aestheticians don't make the same remarks about two female forms. They



...and John Gilpin: "long-time companions"

Anton Dolin...

Classical ballet is conservative and tradition-bound. Its language is very formal. Only choreographers with the stature and genius of George Balanchine can tamper with the language without undue censure.

At the 1974 Gala Opening of the Harkness Ballet in its new home near Lincoln Centre in New York, the company gave a work by Vicente Nebrada called 'Percussion for Six Men' which allowed some of the company's best male dancers to display their versatility. In one segment, a dancer performs on pointe. This apparently shocked the critics for, as everyone knows, pointe work belongs in the realm of the female dancer. A man never dances on pointe unless he's playing a special character role as Anton Dolin did in 1926 when he created a male variation dancing on pointe as the dandy in Nijinsky's balletic adaptation of Moliere's *Les Facheux*. But for a male dancer to perform on pointe in an abstract ballet where there's no story to excuse it, that's unforgivable!

A typical reaction to Nebrada's 'Percussion for Six Men' was supplied by the resident dance critic for Time magazine, John T. Elson:

One soloist performs a legato variation delicately poised on lippy-toe. The display might have been aesthetically more attractive had he been a girl, or had the performance taken place at the Continental Baths.

This type of smug reportage is not unique in ballet criticism. I think it is the highly physical, often erotic nature of the art that brings out a critic's defensiveness.

Ballet is all about bodies, bodies in motion, about line and curve and pulse, about arms and legs and backdrops, as much as it is about princes and swans. There's no escaping it, although many holy insist that to talk of ballet as physical and erotic is to demean the art. What is at work here is obviously the age-old dilemma of integration: is sexuality something of others keeps carefully apart from the other activities one engages in like eating, bathing, thinking, dancing, or even appreciating dance, or should it be integrated naturally into the fabric of human experience? Obviously critics like Elson subscribe to the former modus operandi and as a result are offended when ballet is too explicitly sexual or erotic.

The classical dance aesthetic is obviously also a straight aesthetic. It is for the most part about the interaction of man and woman, most of the time in sexual or erotic terms. Men are allowed to dance together only in certain stereotyped relationships, as rivals for the same woman for example, or in athletic displays of oneness. If, as some people in dance have objected, the dance aesthetic has to do with bodies as instruments and not with socially-defined gender roles, then why, I ask, is there still a hesitancy to juxtapose male bodies on stage in certain attitudes.

The answer, irrational as it is, is that

ingly gay", Mazo proclaims. He has his theories about the discrepancy between principals and corps, and they're dandies.

The principals are a good deal older than the boys in the corps and less often in residence at the theatre. As they matured, as dancers and as men, they very well may have put away youthful attachments — if they even had them — and gone on to make their peace with women and enjoy it. Another explanation for the smaller number of gay men in the higher echelons of the company is that a homosexual dancer, if effeminate, who allows his homosexuality to dominate his dancing is unlikely to become a superior performer. A homosexual dancer, effeminate or virile, who allows his homosexuality to dominate his life also is unlikely to become great.

While we grant Mazo his point that an effeminate dancer will not make a very convincing Siegfried or Albrecht, he should realize that there is more to male dancing than dancer noble roles — as the repertoire of the NYCB itself testifies.

There is room for both the macho dancer and the dandy dancer as well as for something in between, something little appreciated in North America, the androgyne. The Royal Ballet in England abounds with androgynous dancers; in fact, one of the best male classical dancers performing today, Anthony Powell, is androgynous in both appearance and technique. When Mazo throws this term 'effeminate', around, he means this intersexual quality — one he obviously can't come to grips with.

Another interesting point in Mazo's explanation is that homosexual dancers must repress their homosexuality if they are to become great and, more specifically, successful dancers. What about heterosexuality? Doesn't it interfere with the progress of the dancer? Apparently not. Mazo doesn't ask Edward Villella to cut down on his butch act in fact,

know that Balanchine has proved time and again, in ballets like *Serenade* and *Concerto Barocco*, that women dancing a pas de deux can create a very beautiful rapport. In a society accustomed to see women as innately prissy and fey, this is not offensive. The same society does not recognize gentleness, either in movement or feeling, as being masculine qualities, let alone the basis of male interaction; and it is this unspoken dictum that dance critics and aestheticians are unconsciously observing. The result of all this is that a ballet featuring a man dancing on pointe, or what is infinitely more daring, two men dancing together in a lyrical or erotic manner, unless backed by big money and an audacious artistic administration, is bound to be short-lived.

One of the most conservative views of ballet and the role of the male dancer comes from Joseph H. Mazo, dance critic for *Women's Wear Daily*, in his book *Dance is a Contact Sport*. Mazo spent a season (1973-74) absorbing all aspects of the NYCB. Some of his discoveries are interesting and nearly always amusing. For example, he decides that 'ballet is about sex', but not just any sex; ballet is about the penis-vagina variety. He doesn't have much more than that to say about ballet as an art form. He prefers to concentrate on back stage ballet, on the personal lives of choreographers and dancers: what they drink, how they dress, what they ball, areas of activity which are very important to a public still somewhat suspicious of the art.

If anyone had doubts about the masculinity of male dancers, Mazo lays them all to rest, or at least most of them. Calculating the number of gay dancers compared to the number of straight, he arrives at a reassuring figure: six of the eight principal male dancers in the NYCB and about half the soloists are 'practising (and one assumes, believing) heterosexuals'. The boys in the corps, however, are another story: 'overwhelm-

Villella has made a career out of it — but he chastises the kids in the corps for camping it up! This is just the sort of snobbishness one can understand that paralyzes talented dancers like Peter from developing a personal dancing style reflective of their characters, limits the range of male dancing severely, and successfully keeps people thinking of artistic endeavour and sexual expression as totally alien, incompatible facets of human experience. Strangely, in H. J. Another dancer critic, the omnipresent John Gruen, who has probably lawned over everyone without fawning over him in some dancers to severely, and also in his book *The Private World of Ballet*. The book is a compendium of interviews starting the legends, new and old, would-be and has-been, of the ballet world.

With the exception of a joint interview with dancers Anton Dolin and John Gilpin who have been 'friends' for years, most of the interviews turn out to be a paean to straight marriage and normalcy. Reading Gruen's book, one wonders how the stereotype of the laggard dancer ever arose — you can just see them all stewing about the mortgage and the base-ball pennant — and that's probably just what Gruen and his interviewers wanted Gruen's presentation of dancers as just plain-folks has serious implications for ballet as an art form.

What Gruen and Mazo are doing, whether they realize it or not, is selling ballet like a commodity to a public tired of violence and 'depravity' in plays and movies, a public eager to escape into a world where they don't sell ballet as it might be, they don't chart the future of ballet as a road leading somewhere; they flog 'Coppelia' and 'Swan Lake' instead. Concomitant with this sort of entertainment is a wholesome, 'normal' image for the dancer.

An intelligent critic like Oleg Kereny (grandson of the Kerenyys) writes for *The New Statesman*. The Daily Mail, and occasionally *Gay News* is, sad to say, in the minority. Although a little off in his approach to the question of male sexuality in the arts, his views are far more rational than those of his American counterparts.

Although sex is now openly discussed and portrayed in the theatre, crime and literature, there still lingers a relic of the idea that it is some way improper for a man to flaunt his sexuality. A woman making herself as glamorous and appealing as possible is regarded as normal, a man doing the same thing is not. Just as some people still object to men using perfume or wearing jewelry, so they find it difficult to accept the idea of men in

lights, displaying their figures for the admiration of an audience... Many great male dancers have been bisexual or entirely heterosexual, married and fathers of families... But it is equally true that many... male dancers, including Nijinsky, have been bisexual or homosexual. (Ballet Scene, London, Hamish-Hamilton, 1970)

What is more important in Kereny's comment is the purpose behind them — which I see as an educative one — rather than the comments themselves — which are true, certainly, but not deep. Kereny has few allies in thought but a handful of concerned, intelligent ballet-goers. Gruen and Mazo not only have public prejudices working for them or rather with them, they also have a large number of male dancers whose own life seems to be convincing the masses — and possibly themselves — that ballet dancing is a masculine activity. Foremost among these dancers is Edward Villella of the NYCB who has taken his act into the high school gym to show the boys that anything they can do

Derrell Barnett and Christopher Aponte (left) in Nebrada's *Homerootic 'Gemin'*

Our Image

in free-form gymnastics, he, as a ballet dancer, can do with more control, precision, and style. This routine, which has lately been preserved on film, ostensibly proves that ballet isn't sissy. Needless to say, the boys run right out and buy ballet slippers.

Six years ago in an issue of **Dance Perspectives** (#40) devoted to an examination of the male image in ballet, Igor Youskevitch, former principal dancer with the American Ballet Theatre and celebrated partner of the Cuban ballerina, Alicia Alonso, described what he thought male dancing was all about.

When man lifted his first stone he knew why he was doing it. Reason has always been the basis of his dance innovation. He did not dance for dance's sake. He danced for the gods, for success in war and hunting, for a mate. There was always a purpose in his dance, reflecting his masculine inclinations to lead, to go forward, to

achieve. Civilization does not change basic masculine nature: it develops progressive images of the man-hero. A man must keep in his dance the seeds of this heroic nature.

For the female, a dance does not need to have a meaning. As long as she feels herself a woman she can use her inborn qualities to give life and excitement to her movements. But as long as a man has no reason for his dancing he tends to drift into feminine interpretation.

Four other dancers were asked to contribute their impressions about the male dancer's image. Bruce Marks thought masculinity was a question of 'weight,' of keeping close to the earth, of aggressiveness. Vilelli thought it was a question of muscle. Of the lot, only Luis Fuente, formerly of the City Centre Joffrey Ballet, offered the only sensible and non-sexist opinion:

We don't need to get a headache thinking about how to look masculine. A man always is a man, and you don't

have to build muscle to show it. When you dance you show what is true of you as a person. It comes very easily. You just do the movements, very freely. When I am dancing I am not thinking how to show I am a man. I am dancing to show the audience how a dancer dances.

Is it any wonder that amid all this silly talk about masculinity, many serious dance lovers switched their allegiance from classical ballet to modern, avant-garde, and experimental forms of dance. To many, it seemed that choreographers working in a modern idiom — like Paul Taylor, Louis Falco, Lar Lubovitch, and Twyla Tharp — were comparatively unconcerned with questions of male-female polarization. Most of them preferred a more androgynous dancer. (Tharp in fact often creates movement that can be danced by male or female interchangeably without any alteration in the steps.) And yet for all this, there have been few dead-on confrontations with homosexual themes.

In Canada, where classical ballet is fairly traditional, modern dance troupes like the Toronto Dance Theatre, Entre-Six, and Le Groupe de la Place Royale have proved more adventuresome. They have each briefly explored the dance possibilities of homoeroticism.

Jean-Pierre Perrault, co-artistic director of Le Groupe, is like Louis Falco, self-avowedly gay. But whereas Falco subscribes to a cooler, bisexual lifestyle, Perrault is unabashedly militant. It is all the more unfortunate that his militancy hasn't touched his work in a more significant way.

What interests Perrault is not 'content' or 'message', but production technique, a term which here means a mélange of bizarre lighting effects, slide projections, and electronic sound as well as an abstruse experimentation with space that passes for 'content'. But Perrault is not alone; his interests are reflected in the

repertoire of several modern dance companies, with the result that the dancer, as performer, becomes an entirely mechanical, sexless object. Right now the public and, to some extent, the media are clamoring for a return to 'normalcy' in all the arts. The theatre queues in New York and London are for revivals. My Fair Lady, Fanny and Kaufmann's 'The Royal Family', Ben Travers' farces, and musical revues. At the same time, ballet is beating a hasty retreat over territory just recently won, territory which is just a scrap when you look at it.

In order to be able to expand the accompanying list, we would have to have a revolution challenging the very aesthetic on which dance and arts like painting, sculpture, photography — arts which focus largely on the human body — are founded. This revolution is not likely to come from the 'straight' dance-makers. It's possible that women might start it, but so far classical choreography has been a male-dominated field.

A sizable number of these men are gay — if the exact number were known, I'm sure it would be staggering. They were initially attracted to ballet because of its ambivalence, its latent homoerotic potential, and yes, its reputation for being a sanctuary for 'faggots'. Once 'in' however, they become very self-protective, very conservative; they are careful not to jeopardize their position with critics, public, or management by being too blatant, an old-boy network is established to ensure the status quo. It's a fairly familiar pattern, one that happens in most of the arts at some time or another, but in classical ballet, which has a history of conservatism, the result is quite simply stagnation. The very men, who should be at the head of this 'cultural revolution' are busy making pretty dances for girls in tutus claiming all the while that one's personal and creative lives must be kept separate — for the sake of the art!

When Pater described to me how he went about choreographing a male-female pas de deux, I wondered if he realized the dishonesty of such an approach:

G: Is the reason you choose to present a man and a woman rather than a man and a man because of your audience?

P: Yes, usually.

G: Is that a true expression of yourself, do you think?

P: Yes. If you try something between a man and a man, you're saying a whole other thing and audiences aren't ready for that yet. It's the audience that tells us what to do.



Jorge Donn, of Bejart fame

Attractive, articulate, and very talented, Peter is also — like the men mentioned above — somewhat of an opportunist. His opportunism must be seen, though, as part of his fear of coming out in creative terms. In the end, he will only cut his own throat. He has abundant choreographic talent but a deliberately limited vision — the combination is not a healthy one.

On such men as Peter rest the mettle of dance as realizing a new facet of the dance aesthetic, only sketchily or covertly explored heretofore.

The ballet audience, a great bulk of which is gay, is no help to them. Gay ballet goers consent to support countless repetitions of the grand old classics without complaint. They don't demand anything more during than Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo, a drag ballet with a lethal gift for satirizing romantic, classical, and neo-classical styles of dance.

One must suspect that for many gay balletomanes, ballet is a retreat into a fantasy world, one in which they can covertly ego the boys and at the same time live in a pretty world, where they are always wanted to inhabit, but from which they are banned by virtue of their sexual proclivities. This might seem to some an unflattering, exaggerated picture, but it is one that is too often true.

Gay people have never been too vocal about what they want to see in the theatre or on the movie screen. They make a revolution possible, they would have to be willing to sponsor, finance and support — in terms of their attendance — companies that dare to challenge the established dance aesthetic and produce gay ballets, ballets that feature men doing beautiful, delicate, lyrical, sensual, erotic things — together! Only then will there be any noticeable change. Only then will other companies realize the importance of the gay ballet-goer and the gay choreographer. Until that time, we're stuck with the slyph, the swan, the doll with the china-blue eyes, and pseudo-expressionist drick like "Monument for a Dead Boy." □

The Homoerotic in Ballet: a partial list

With classical ballet on a crusade to bring in the unconvinced by means of lavish revivals of the old war horses, and modern dance making an increasingly arid, monotonous language to express spatial contours, there is not too much of current interest to those seeking a dance expression of gay sensibilities.

Most of what there is dates from the early 70's, most being to a hybrid of classical ballet and modern dance, the type of ballet propagated by companies John Rockefeller called mid-west (i.e. New York, mid-cut). What follows is a list of some important, alternative works in focus, however peripherally, however briefly, on the dynamics of male-male interaction, whether it be sexual in a larger sense, or purely erotic.

Ballets which contain pas de deux (or trios) for men as part of the larger work:

It is not including in this section male pas de deux (etc.) that are nothing more than after-the-fact displays such as we get in Gerald Arpino's *Olympics* or in the Souleir Galop movement of his *Yentzen*. The *Goldberg Variations* (1971) — Jerome Robbins. New York City Ballet. Set to Bach's music, this ballet by the West-Side-Story man features a large ensemble of dancers who start out in prairie clothes, but don esophem- in century gear as the dancing progresses.

American correspondent for *Dance and Dancers*, Patricia Barnes described the male pas de deux in these words:

One particularly striking section for four dancers, two boys and two girls, stands out. The two boys (Bryan Pitts and David Richardson) stand opposite, watched by the two girls, and wink and wink, the two girls dance. In *The Record*, Emory Lewis wrote: "Robbins hints at the differing ways of love with sexual rivalry." So, sensually set that I cannot resist quoting him.

Weevis (1971) — Margot Sappington. City Centre Joffrey Ballet. A sex-character ballet, the first section of which is danced by two men. The male pas de deux is sexually suggestive, although Ms. Sappington claimed when Time magazine called the first climax "homoerotic."

Some reviewers said this two-man sequence was homosexual. I feel pretty strongly about that, because people who think that have homosexuality on the brain don't want to see people who are dancing the street and try to pick out somebody who was homosexual. If I did want it to be a homosexual relationship, I'd have to see it. In spite of Ms. Sappington's paranoia — the sequence according to her was about her husband's relationship with his best friend — her choreography for men is lush and lyrical.

Mutations (1971) — Gian Tietley. Nederlands Dans Theater. Music by Karlheinz Stockhausen. The ballet is divided into four parts with three named interludes. While the dances on stage group and regroup into incredibly intricate, erotic patterns, film projections on a screen behind, explores the body and its movements in living, lingering detail. The big brochure that surrounded the North American premiere of this ballet (1972) was directed at the three love movements which were danced in the nude. One of these movements was for three nude men. In yet another sequence, three of nude men slipped not so much on one another's bodies, which they smeared in by rubbing together. One reviewer desperate to redeem all this flagrant eroticism wrote:

It could suggest rather, especially sexual graces. But at the same time, it is also banished by the purity and the integrity of what Tietley and his dancers have wrought. (Glen Loney, *Dance Magazine*, Feb., 1972)

The Rite of Spring (1974) — Hans Van Manen. Dutch National Ballet. Stravinsky's music and libretto have been used countless times and Van Manen is certainly not one of the most inventive interpreters of the score, but he has choreographed a very lively,

tender sequence for two boys to the section sometimes called *The Dance of the Adolescents*.

Another interesting feature of Van Manen's version is the costuming. The men are clothed in the briefest of briefs, the women in ugly body stockings draped with what look like plant tendrils. Shifting the focus of sexual attention from the male to the elegant element in other ballets by Van Manen, notably *Grosse Fuge* (men in belted black breeches in greyskin, long black stockings and white lace) as well as works for the more radical Netherlands Dans Theater.

Also of note: *Les Femmes d'Alger* (1969) — Roland Petit. National Ballet of Canada. *Les Fleurs du Mal* (1971) — Maurice Bejart. Ballet du XXe siècle. *Les Femmes d'Alger* (1971) — Lorca Massine. New York City Ballet. The choreographer is the son of Leonide Massine. *Les Femmes d'Alger* (1972) — Marc Wille, Pacific Ballet.

Double Exposure (1972) — Joe Layton. City Centre Joffrey Ballet. A pop version of Oscar Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray*.

Ballets that deal primarily with a homosexual/erotic relationship:

The Wedding Present (1962) — Peter Darrell. Western Ballet Theatre. A kitchen-sink ballet. Prefaced with the quote, "Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds," it tells the story of a new marriage that disintegrates when the bride finds out about her husband's former homosexual relationship with a young friend. This discovery, believe it or not, drives her to nymphomania.

Set in the sordid environs of a cheap rooming-house, the ballet is a *stump-and-drag* affair, but one that avoids the clichés and sentimentalism suggested by the plot. Of Darrell's more recent work, *The Scarlet Pavilion* (1979) for the Scottish Ballet has revealed a marked gay sensibility without using an explicitly gay situation. With a perverse art nouveau decor and costumes modeled on Beardsley's designs, the story tells of a jaded nobleman and his hedonistic courtiers in search of new pleasures. For the nobleman, they come in the form of a snail, a terroress, a cat created for Margot Fonteyn.

Death in Venice (1973) Opera in two acts and seventeen scenes by Benjamin Britten, libretto by Mythen and Peter Gellert. St. Paul's Cathedral, London. Everybody knows the story of the aging writer who is obsessed by the beauty of a young Polish boy vacationing with his family in plague-ridden Venice — thanks to Luciano Visconti.

The boy in Britten's operatic version neither reveals nor changes his part. The dances in it, the American version at the Metropolitan Opera in New York, Tadzoo was danced by Bryan Frost from New York City Ballet who was a featured dancer in the male pas de deux in *The Goldberg Variations* and *Lorca Massine's "Four Last Songs"*. As a stage presence — I have seen him in Balanchine's *Square Dance* — he is remarkably ambivalent. Todd Toldos in his review of Ashton's choreography for the opera, wrote of Pitts: He is lovely to look at, not just for the prettiness of his face and body to flower like face, with flowing combed hair, a small, almost perfectly molded, dancer's body; fluently articulated legs and feet; but even more for the intimate sweetness of coordination, which produces phrases of exquisite lyricism.

Gemini (1973) — Vicente Nebreda. Harkness Ballet. Perhaps the most unambiguously homoerotic pas de deux ever choreographed for male dancers. French critics were ecstatic in praise of it and the company toured France in the summer of 1973. Jerome Lussatier of NAD magazine described the work in the inimitably florid way of the French:

Deux corps humains de la même nature, conduisant leur harmonie, non sur des différences apparentes mais sur des similitudes, l'un émet soudain une sorte d'effet

tacle, du Fauteuil. Voile l'oblation infinie des amants grès, la langue chape de la reconnaissance, l'homosexualité lumineuse, sans outrage ni blessure, l'homosexualité fondamentale et inapaisable.

Gemini was also given at the Gala Opening of the new Harkness Theatre in April 1974.

Gemini is a pas de deux for two boys set to the brief but elegant adagio (as taken from Mahler's First Symphony). Undoubtedly, evoking homosexual love, the bodies of the two men twine and curve around each other. Numerous ifts are used but I found it more serene and less vulgar (Christopher Aponte and [Darrell] Barnett brought a control and strength to their movements that prevented their work from succumbing to sentimentalism or sentimentality.

One other dissenting opinion, John Fraser, former dance critic of *The Globe and Mail*, dismisses the ballet as an "encompassing homosexual pas de deux."

Although belonging somewhat to the athletic tradition of male dancers, Nebreda's "Pursuit for Six Men" is interesting for the preem-

ing narcissism of the movement and the dancers' provocative courtship of the audience. Also of note: *Les Femmes d'Alger*.

The Males (1973) — Herbert Ross. Ballet Theatre Workshop. Based on Genet's play, *Les Femmes d'Alger*, which as Genet wanted them acted — by men.

Ballets that are essentially homoerotic, but pretend to be something else:

Chant du compagnon errant (1971) — Hans Bejart. Ballet du XXe siècle. People either love Bejart or they hate him, but either way he is probably the most-discussed ballet choreographer in the world. Bejart's work is one of the most attractive and energetic of any ensemble since the Ballets Russes.

Chant is a male pas de deux fashioned after the talents of Rubeen and Paolo Bonazzoli, ostensibly about a wanderer mourning over a lost love. Nureyev danced the wanderer and Bonazzoli — not Bejart's first love — the embodiment of his hopes and fears — or so we're given to understand. The only good thing about works of this sort is their vagueness: one can make of them what one wants.

Bejart work showcasing a marked gay sensibility is his celebrated *Nijinsky*, Clowen de Dreu. We see Nijinsky, the man (a part played for the role by a dancer, the much-admired Guy Dunn) going mad surrounded by hallucinatory representations of his old dance roles: the Faun, the Spectre de la Rose, Petroulika, etc. Disfigured, Nijinsky's mentor, is depicted as a paper-mache monster forcing him to dance through hoops. Bejart's work is a masterpiece of the kind that makes it all bearable. Repulsively spectacular, but pretentious and tasteless. Not to mention that it is a disaster for the dancers.

The Relativity of Isaac (1974) — Gerald Arpino. City Centre Joffrey Ballet. Arpino's ballets have always made great use of male dancers — which probably explains why he's gay following of the Joffrey company for whom Arpino is co-artistic director and resident.

Isacarus has two men ostensibly impersonating the mythic figures of Daedalus and Icarus and a woman as the Sun. According to one of the few admiring reviews:

The ballet deals with the nature of human freedom by describing the cycles of growth and death in human myth.

(Richard Philp, *After Dark*, March, 1975)

Of course, what it's really about is two men, naked, sensitive, and aware of each other, very erotic choreographic stunts. If they are supposed to be in fact father and son there is no discrepancy discernible in age to make this believable.

The ever-lucid Jack Anderson wrote: Noting the scanty costumes and body-sculpting, some reviewers allege that it really involves a conflict between heterosexual and homosexual desires. But, surely, the fact that a choreographer has his men dancers touch each other does not automatically make the encounter homosexual, does it? On the other hand, if Arpino specifically wishes to present ambivalent sexual desires, is he not being coyly by hiding his intent behind the facade of myth?

Unable to clarify his subject on the literal level, Arpino brings his allegorical significance. There is also an "acting" by American choreographer Lucas Hoving, which is a staple in the repertoire of several U.S. companies. It utilizes the same three characters, although adhering more closely to the myth.

David and Goliath (1975) — Robert North and Wayne Sells. London Contemporary Dance Theatre. Not ballet, but much in the Martha Graham tradition, this is a choreographic collaboration of the two dancers who took on the principal roles in its premiere last November in London.

One senses again that legend, this time Biblical, has been used to disguise what is essentially homoerotic and sensual. Although the creators obviously had something more in mind than a straight re-telling of 1st Samuel, 17.

The choreographers have introduced... an earlier encounter between shepherd and lion, and a touching scene of psychological and dramatic relationship... It is not simply that Goliath becomes strangely reluctant to do battle with David, but that their usual roles of fighter and aggressor become almost completely reversed as a result.

(Geraldine in *Dance and Dancers*, Jan. 1976)

Some other Biblical stories which serve as opportunities for getting men together in a dramatic and touching way are *David and Goliath* by Vicente Nebreda's *Cain*; another Cain-Abel ballet by Toronto Dance Theatre; and Norman Wynn's *Jack and Jacob* wrestles with an angel — remember? □





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Our Image

Books

After You're Out Personal Experiences of Gay Men and Lesbian Women

Karla Jay and Allen Young (eds)
Links, 1975, \$5.95

This is a warm-hearted, generous book.
It is aptly titled - it suggests the pause
the stillness that follows any of the great
crises of life, and coming out of the
closet is certainly one of those. That
momentous exit into life was not casual
- very careful people don't come out
- and much of the rhetoric that one act
generated was sometimes a bit intolerant,
a bit impractical, a bit misapplied.
After you're out you have to stop and
take stock of things, see what's happen-
ing in your own life, ponder what's
happening in the lives of your friends and
lovers, evaluate the forces that are at
work in "the movement". Some of what
you once said no longer seems to quite
fit. And if you're going to survive, you're
going to have to change.

That, of course, demands a growing
and elastic ideology. After you're out
does not pretend to provide that; it is
more concerned with the survival of the
people who are finally going to elaborate
that ideology: "An underlying assumption
of this work is that aside from any
organizational efforts by gay people -
and we support such efforts - there must
be a realistic and clearly understood
notion of survival by gay people - by in-
dividuals, by couples, and by groups."

The book is divided into three sec-
tions: "Identity and Lifestyles", "Survival
in a Hostile World", and "Creating Com-
munity and Helping Ourselves". There
are 16 pieces by men, 18 by women and
a short legal guide for gay people
produced by the Chicago Gay People's
Legal Committee - the specifics of which
do not apply, of course, to Canadian
gays but the generalities are helpful.

"Identity and Lifestyles" is the most
"personal" of the three sections, and as
a result contains a mixture of the most
easily accessible, most moving writing
and pieces of a finally trivial and senti-
mental nature. "Entries in a Journal" by
Gary Alinder is a bit painful because it is
so self-consciously an attempt at the
genre of the "artsy journal", and doesn't
tell me much about gay people except
that they travel and can make reason-
ably intelligent comments about the
places they visit and the people they
meet. But we do get Nina Sabaroff's
wonderfully good humoured account of
her developing sexuality: "An Unfinished
Saga", and Karla Jay's lucid assess-
ment of the possibilities of surviving gay
coupledom. There is only one piece by
"Anonymous" in the book, and it appears
in this section. I question the value of
ever printing a piece by someone who
feels anonymous in this society, at
least without some explanation of why
that is still the case. Certainly it is in-
congruous in a book entitled After
You're Out.

"Survival in a Hostile World" is the title
of the second section of the book, and is
introduced by a fine essay with the same
title by Allen Young. He clearly
recognizes that survival involves a little
more than reform of the present system,
"that gay liberation will have achieved
little if it merely means that it's all right
for a select group of white, middle-class
people to 'have sex' in a different way".
There is a strong hint that the survival of
gay people is rather closely linked to the
destruction of capitalism but the topic is
not pursued - that would be beyond the
scope of this book. But Jeanne Cordova
gives us some very practical advice
about letting more and dad know without
getting yourself involved in hysterical
scenes. And she ends her piece with one
of those blinding insights which seem so
obvious after someone else has thought
them out. It's just this: "Ninety-eight per-
cent of parents and employers will never
admit more than, 'You're okay with me,

whatever you do...'. Emotional outrage
about the insanity of their prejudice must
give way to the intellectual realization -
giving us true support and affirmation
means they'd have to ask their
heterosexual selves, 'What's wrong with
me?'"

This second section is full with good
bits. Catherine Nossia writes an articulate
and level headed account of her life as
both a prostitute and a lesbian, and quite
persuaded me that she and others ask a
higher price for those services than most
women provide either for free or for a pit-
tance. "Lesbian Mother" and "Faggot
Father" are good pieces that do endorse
in their separate ways the vital im-
portance of being an open lesbian or
faggot with your children. And "An Inter-
view Between a Hustler and His
Customer" gives us a glimpse into an
aspect of gay life which most of us are
still too young to know about.

Part Three is called "Creating Com-
munity and Helping Ourselves" - and
charts some of the alternate services gay
people have set up in order to create the
sense of community that society has
denied them. It offers some pieces that
seem the denial of the possibility of com-
munity to some - an article entitled "Can
Men and Women Work Together?" But if
there is to be any positive piece, a com-
munity based on real equality, then men
are going to have to be very much
aware of what it is they have done and
still do that so often alienates and
exhausts women, and this transcribed
"forum" is a very good contribution to
that end. There is a voice from the Third
World warning us that whatever our
community we may have managed to
build so far, it has not noticeably had a
place for our sisters and brothers of
colour. There's some good advice on
checking out therapists before you plunk
down your money. Thoughts on getting
old. Practical and useful information
about V.D., the value of archives, the use
and abuse of alcohol in the gay com-
munity.

Altogether, a satisfying and consensu-
ous anthology. There is clear editorial
awareness that a lot of gay people who
pick up this book may well want to
contact some of the groups referred to in
the text, and addresses are provided in
footnotes on the page itself. Very handy.
It gladdens me that this book will be
available to gay people across the
country - it is not just rich fare for those
of us who are already out, it is a clear
and encouraging call across the divide
that separates them from our still hiding
sisters and brothers.

By Gerald Hannon

The Fanny Dancer

Patricia Nell Warren
Morrow (Gage in Canada), 1976,
\$8.95

The first response is laughter. Not that
the novel is comic by intention - I really
don't think Warren has a sense of
humour, and whatever sends her charac-
ters into fits of throat-cutting is likely
to send the reader to the kitchen for
another beer. No, *The Fanny Dancer* is
hopelessly serious stuff. What's funny is
that, against all odds, this new book is
even worse than the author's last one, in
itself a nasty bit of work entitled *The
Front Runner*.

Very briefly, the story goes like this:
Tom is a blond, good-looking, macho
catholic priest in a small town. Vidal is a
dark (½ Indian), good-looking, macho
mechanic and local troublemaker. The
novel is set in Montana, very bucolic
country indeed. After 120 pages of
interminable christian moralizing and
some routine dialogues on the difficulties
of being gay, Vidal finally manages to
seduce Tom. "I was a naked man, I
was wrestling a naked angel on the deep red
carpet." Really. You've got to either
giggle or throw up. They become further
lovers. After another 160 pages of
catholic guilt and intrigue, Vidal is
the most boring drag ball of all time, they
go their separate ways: Vidal, reformed,
is off to university, while Tom goes back
to the gospels, ready to serve his "gay
constituents." (We understand, at the

end, that the affair could never have worked. Tom aims high, what he really wants is to be fucked around by god! I don't know why this woman wrote this. But well-intentioned liberality certainly doesn't excuse the plain bad writing she produces, and neither does a captive gay market. The novel is well-told from the point of view of the priest, in a first person narrative. But it is in no way a psychological study. Properly used, the first person narrative can be a clever device used to shed light on the main character, the man telling the story. In this instance, it seems to be a shabby trick, designed to protect the author from direct responsibility for the outrageously simple-minded views expounded in the book. There is no hint of irony, we are meant to take this straight. Excuse the pun.

For those of you who looked forward to a repeat of the soft-core porn elements of *The Front Runner*, forget it. There's no rock in this one at all. The word "genitals" is used once or twice, but only in confusion. There's an obvious attempt to create a kind of elegant eroticism, however, which is usually good for a chuckle. "Without really moving, his body tensed until the tendons creaked like rope." Like rope? 24 dancers, several of whom are gay, compete with one another to secure a part in a Broadway show. As the actors reveal their rather drab life stories in a series of short, usually comic, monologues and slick jazz dance numbers, the theme of homosexuality is gradually developed.

One of the few really moving and dramatic scenes in the non-stop two hour show consists of the lathering revelation by a shy young Puerto Rican, sympathetically played by Tommy Aguilar, of his homosexuality and gay life. The middle class, middle aged audience at the Royal Alex on opening night fell into a stunned embarrassed silence listening to Aguilar's matter-of-fact description of an experience as a young boy in a movie house where, as McKenzie Porter wrote in the *Toronto Sun*, "he was seduced by pedersats, initiated into homosexual tastes and driven into show business via a sleazy drag troupe".

The fact that *A Chorus Line* has won the New York Critics Circle Award, a Pulitzer Prize for drama, several Tony Awards and 5 million dollars for movie rights alone is of course more the result of its high brilliance in choreography or musical score per se. *Chorus Line* works because we admire the skill, agility and enthusiasm of its young dancers. Structurally and thematically, the play has all the elements of at least one kind of workable formula for a more distinctly gay theatre: music, song, dance, dramatic lighting and costuming in a visually exciting and entertaining

plastic composition along with empathetic dramatic conflict, characterization and thematic development.

What *Chorus Line* also reveals is the necessary relationship and sense of community between an audience and the events and actors on stage. Performed before a straight bourgeois far-asked audience, *Chorus Line* is essentially another youth rip-off without even the political implications of its Hair predecessor. Its audience paying up to \$15 per ticket leaves the theatre with the relieved realization that, yes, the show must go on and that somehow these struggling and starving talented young dancers will find success in their artistic profession.

A distinctly gay theatre addressing itself to the gay condition in Canada and created by largely gay playwrights, directors, actors and other technicians would be able to, and would indeed have to, address itself much more clearly to the aspirations, problems and expectations of the community it serves. An increasing number of feminist, black, native peoples, ethnic and linguistic theatres already exist across Canada celebrating and examining life and society from the viewpoint of their particular communities and cultures. A gay theatre avoiding stringent separatism and able to tap the already abundant creative talent of gay theatre professionals could play an important catalytic role in the necessary self-expression of gay people and their constantly changing, dialectic relationship and dialogue with straight society.

All the necessary elements for an indigenous gay theatre exist. The question is when the kind of theatre the gay community wants and is willing to support.

by Anton Wagner

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Some cast members of 'A Chorus Line'

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Books

A Lasting Relationship:

Homosexuals and Society

Jeremy Seabrook

Allen Lane (Longmans in

Canada), 1976, \$14.75

Seabrook seems to be still guilty about being gay, not so much because of sexual repression, but because his homosexual identity links him with

people that as a socialist he would not be seen dead with. Specifically, he is haunted by the description of homosexuality as bourgeois decadence, and is appalled to find that gay men can be as conservative, unaware, and consumption-oriented as anyone else. He does not seem to have got used to the fact that capitalism will exploit absolutely anything it is allowed to, including gay people, and that gays do not have any special qualities that would allow them to escape the blandishments of the economic structure in which they live. He is always being surprised and disappointed by other gay people in this respect, and this book is his way of dissociating himself from them.

Now that the presumption of "expensively decorated gay bars" is being represented as up-front straight, even so jaundiced an analysis as Seabrook's has value. Unfortunately, he is not content to observe the sad fact that gay men are part of the capitalist system, but has over-reacted into developing an elaborate, exaggerated thesis to the effect that gay men have a special role in perpetuating it. His central idea is that "the homosexual" is the prototype of "consuming man" (p. 104); that gay men, far from being the oppressed outcasts they think they are, form the privileged vanguard of an overproductive capitalism in



JEREMY SEABROOK

**LASTING
RELATIONSHIP**
HOMOSEXUALS AND SOCIETY

An important new book from England is now available in Canada.

Jeremy Seabrook's 'A Lasting Relationship'
Hardcover edition \$14.75
At Glad Day Books, 4 Collier Street
(at Yonge) in Toronto,
For mail order service, please add 65¢ to cover postage.

Distributed by Longman's of Canada, Ltd.

Our Image

promoting the consumption of more and yet more goods. Probably one could correctly maintain that single gay men have more money to dispose of privately than people with children. One could also point to the influence of homosexual taste on fashions for clothes and entertainment. But Seabrook's notions go far beyond this, and his dizzy rhetoric abandons logic in an effort to portray gay men as prodigies of irresponsible consumption.

One way Seabrook achieves this is to define consumption so broadly that it includes any activity, experience or sensation (p. 105). In particular, he seems to see sex as a form of consumption, as though it used up some resource or took something away from the consumer. Furthermore, he refuses to make proper comparisons, drawing enormous conclusions about homosexuality from a number of interviews with gay men without proving that heterosexual attitudes are significantly different.

The result is a muddle of obscure observation of detail taking on too fantastic generalization. For instance, in a treatment of "gay tourism," Seabrook reports amusingly the kind of conversation gay men have about the sexual possibilities of travel, and quotes many of the more squirm-inducing comments from the *Spartacus Guide*. We are supposed to deduce from these observations that gay men are characterized by a peculiarly exploitative and apologetic attitude to travel. Really? More exploitative than the whole package tour industry which thrives on selling fantasy heterosexual holiday romances, running whole coastlines in the process? More apologetic than the flood of tourist literature that depicts fun-loving heterosexuals trilling to the bullfrogs of fascist Spain. Compared with this, the *Spartacus Guide* is an honest and sensible document, positively burning with social awareness. If gay tourism does have any distinctive feature at all, it is that the sexual possibilities are realized and do not remain tantalizingly on the level of idealized travel. And it is this that Seabrook is really complaining about, as in his remark that "the world has become a trolly (crusading) ground" (p. 114). It is only the manner of the party, the beaches and washrooms of the world as a harmless and uncommercial activity, and for what it is worth my impression is that gay men make a good use of travel harassment as they have slightly more chance of meeting the people.

The same faults vitiate all Seabrook's observations on gay discos, bars, meetings, parties, interior decoration and everything else. They tell us everything and nothing about homosexuality. For his comments are not so much about homosexuals as about human beings, as is made clear by comments such as "Homosexual tourism, like any other, becomes an irresponsible plundering of other cultures and civilizations in its need to consume" (p. 116). It indeeds homosexual tourism is like any other, then the whole argument about the special role of gay men falls to the ground.

Take away Seabrook's theoretical commentary from the text and we are left with a collection of accounts of about thirty gay men which will give the reader a hand insight. The men interviewed range reasonably widely over age, class experience and consciousness. I fail to see that they do much to substantiate Seabrook's exaggerated ideas about gay conservatism, but they do illustrate everything that we have been talking of in the movement, and do so in a way that the experienced reader of self-discovery. It is also good that Seabrook identifies himself as gay, and does not present gay men as a problem which the liberal reader should be kind to and do something about.

On this level the book is a kind of advance, though spoilt by Seabrook's silly attitude to living. As political comment it is a disaster. Its purpose seems to be to reassure heterosexual leftists that they need not take seriously the threat posed by gay liberation. In fact Seabrook is a solid progressive person's David Reuben, able to make homophobic a respectable element of

the revolutionary repertoire by identifying gay men with the capitalist enemy. The argument is the same as that which made anti-Semitism respectable by pointing to Jewish bankers.

However, I should guess that the majority of his readers will be gay themselves. And interested as he is in the social function of the gay minority, Seabrook levels with us as much as for the social function of his book in disseminating information on gay life to readers who are hungry for it. The gay movement, treated with as much scorn as is the commercial gay scene, publications and resources are mentioned in an off-hand way without proper releases. Seabrook levels with us as much as for the social function of his book in disseminating information on gay life to readers who are hungry for it. The gay movement, treated with as much scorn as is the commercial gay scene, publications and resources are mentioned in an off-hand way without proper releases. Seabrook levels with us as much as for the social function of his book in disseminating information on gay life to readers who are hungry for it. The gay movement, treated with as much scorn as is the commercial gay scene, publications and resources are mentioned in an off-hand way without proper releases.

by Andrew Hodges

Transvestites and Transsexuals:

Mixed Views
Deborah Feinblom
Delacorte, 1976, \$14.75

Feinblom has an easily readable style and sympathetic attitude that make this book readily accessible. Her observations are drawn largely from an association of male heterosexual transvestites and clients of a gender-identity clinic that she subsequently organized.

Most striking about the heterosexual transvestites is their conservatism. Without sharply differentiated sex roles, transvestism dissolves into impossibility. Feinblom notes the prevalence of a defensive, "masculine" biographies among these closet (or "suitcase") transvestites: "The reinforced message... is that any man who races against his pants, chucks off his pants, much like a man, is an army sergeant or a top-level computer analyst could not possibly be a pansy or a deviant" (p. 126). Their erotic interest in feminine apparel requires a Hollywood "ideal" of femininity far removed from the everyday lives of women. (Here, Feinblom unfortunately misses the opportunity to compare erotic attachment to other-sex clothing with erotic attachment to same-sex clothing, e.g. leather fetishism among men.)

Women's and gay liberationists have long been opposed to transsexualism as an expression of sex-role conservatism and guilt about homosexuality. These doubts are reinforced by some of the misuses offered in transsexuals. For example: "I would like to have a man make love to me, but I am frightened that he would find me to be male physically and this would make him unhappy. I would want him instead to be satisfied in finding me sexually responsive as a woman... Relationships in the gay world are no good because the man is enjoying himself because I am male" (p. 195). Or: "I discovered crushes on the more handsome male students—a frightening thought when linked with my secret and also to me, further proof that somehow I was really a girl and not a girl in my mind" (p. 209). That homophobia cannot underlie all transsexualism is clear, however, from male-to-female transsexuals who choose lesbianism, lesbianism, or non-stereotyped female identities. The evidence in this book points toward the fact that gender identity, like sexual orientation, has a resilient psychological history of autonomy which precedes and resists social pressure.

Transvestites and Transsexuals is a start on a complex topic and is perhaps the best of its kind in the questions it raises rather than the questions it answers.

By Barry D. Adam

The Ivory Tunnel

Small Press Books

Daniel Curzon, *The Misadventures of Tim McPick*, or, *The Story of Tim and His Zipper*, 320 pages, \$3.50 from Little Puffin Club Press, c/o Daniel Curzon, English Dept., CSUF, Fresno, California 93740, U.S.A.

The point has been made (and by all means send me your details as to any refutations) that satire, by its nature, must be conservative; the author and the readers must share certain social assumptions and the targets should take new and strange forms to provoke laughter. Allowing for a few heresies here and there, the most important of which is a 17-year-old homosexual hero, *The Misadventures of Tim McPick* (Zipper, by the way, is his dog) is a conservative satire on the social attitudes and ideological follies of the 60's (and beyond).



Daniel Curzon

Daniel Curzon, who wrote *Something You Do In The Dark* (Penguin, 1971) a bit of a cynic, which doubtless helps him to keep his equilibrium while all around him are losing theirs. The victims of his new picaresque comedy "include student protestors, the military, progressive educators, behaviour therapy, high-frown homosexual apologetics, pompadour pornography, The Brigade of Aroused Citizens", ageism, Black militants and limorous liberals. I applaud the choice of ideals!

The first chapter (Tim at college) is the best in the book, and by itself a jibe squarely on target at middle-class student militants and their witful supervisors, with classes in "Public Demonstration" and "Ancient and Modern Reverency". "Revolution Right This Minute" is the current slogan, and Cribb's the novel's favorite text-book. The novelist's teaching post at California State University has served him well.

Curzon portrays the modern reflex with disturbing accuracy in such small sketches as Tim's compulsively committed sister saying, when he tells her their parents have been killed, "Is this some sort of trick?... You're doing research on a Psych report aren't you?" The little obvious meanness of the modern anomie are here too (mutilating books, stealing people's food), mentioned in an effective, offhand way.

In spite of stylistic devices that emphasize the author's detachment, some painful emotion is evident behind the satire, and often gives it a bitter taste. It is a pity that the book is written in a featureless prose and without less scrupulous attention to subtlety, plausibility or the felicities of language and detail—a kind of prose comic strip. Curzon is no Evelyn Waugh (or Auberon either); Tim McPick tends to plot programmatically from one contrived adventure to another, and that is ultimately where it fails. With characters and plot so lifeless, and the author's pastiche, there is little to really hold the reader's sympathy and interest except "Which target will the author wheel onto the firing range next?"

Still, if you bear with it, there are scores, and moments, of timely balthos,

like the white liberal's speech on being robbed by a gang of "Black Bobcats": "There's a definite need for the crimes you're committing so you can have pride in your way of securing the world. For twenty years you've been a victim. You'll have need of some testimonials!"

While the campus militancy described in McPick was coming to full flower in the mid-60's, Pete Hascok was busy running a coffee house, The Ox, at 44 St. George St. in Toronto. We had folk-singing, poetry, "happenings" and art shows (John Sewell, a Toronto alderman now, was one of the exhibitors, I remember). There were on-the-spot guitar workshops at all hours in the back kitchen and long-playing card games in smoky basement rooms (the cards, and a few ladies in the art shows especially scandalised our landlords, the Student Christian Movement).

One of the regulars in this den of iniquity was Brian Shen, who created quite a stir when one of his prankishly gruesome stories was taken as a factual report. It recounted the findings of John Fare, an anarchist who had been conspired of successive amputations of various parts of his body. The story ended, "Andoff and Czervant were dismembered the equipment was left on the side of the jar, standing beside the birth certificate near the entrance, was a label:

John Fare
right hand
sept. 17, 1965.

Shen's story has proved prophetic. At least one artist since is said to have died "from blood loss" following a similar series of displays. And a recent issue of *New York* magazine tells the bizarre going on of a young performer who locks himself in trunks for days, crucifies himself, etc., in order to make an impression on the Art Scene.

The story, "The Hand," is one of the experimental plays and tales in *Theatrical Extractions* (\$3.50, published by 48906 Station Bental, Vancouver, BC). Larry Schourp's *Hard Swallows* (\$1.75 from the author, 222 W. 15th St., New York, NY 10011) explores the erotic tensions of male relationships. The poetry here is beneath the usually unspectacular surface. Some of the poems are just too flat to be effective, but the rest make one eager to see a longer book developing some of the insights hinted at.

Much of Alex Gidzen's *The Year Book* (\$3, N Atlantic Books, Route 2, Box 135, Plainfield, NJ) is a collection composed of banal gossip like "I sit between Henry Van Dyke & John Peralta in the annex of St. Mark's" and "It's Auden's 65th birthday/Nixon's met Mao/the Berthel trial's begun/John Sokol delivers 3 of his early Constructions/The new tells me it was Winchell not Lippman". Lots of films seen, books read, names dropped, and a carefully chosen, if not half-art, half-fake-casual. Did late Laura O'Hara make it all look so easy that prattling like this is his unfortunate poetic legacy?

Norman's *Lichens* (Moculart Editions) (\$1.50 from Oscar Wilde Memorial Bookshop, 15 Christopher St., New York, NY) is about on the same level as Richard Brautigan in its philosophic musings ("I just saw a demanding question") and the conventional love-hate stuff, again badly written. Badly spelled too.

Norman's *Tommy Avello's* poems in *Magic* (Don't Live Anywhere \$1 from Oscar Wilde) begin promisingly enough, but he doesn't seem to know what to do with them. Two poems, "Pale and Blue" and "Nicolai's work well, but much of the time Avello's muddled obsession with rape and effeminacy gets in the way of any clear vision. I know the school system is a terrible waste, but these last how many years, but if they can't spell, some of these poets should have enough consideration for their readers to at least invest in a dictionary before they rush to press.

by Ian Young

TRASH



Would You Want This Face on Your Dime? Prince Charles, on Women's Liberation: "Those idiotic women who go around telling all the other women to think the way they do - basically, I think because they want to be men - are, to my mind, totally wrong."

Maybe It's The Tacky Robes Ed Ratushny, Special Advisor to the Minister of Justice on the Appointment of Judges, responding to a question regarding his feelings on appointing open gays to the bench, replies that his department is currently under pressure to appoint more women, and is occupying itself with that problem. But it, at some point, enough women could not be found. "I suppose some halfway measure might be in order."

Flair for the Apparent Liberatee, responding to rumours of his forthcoming marriage says that he's sorry, but he's not the marrying kind.

Undo That Second Button and See the World Dr. Joan Lockard, professor of neurological surgery and psychology at the University of Washington says studies have shown that women hitchhikers doubled the number of rides when they used padding to increase their bust size. There is an effort to do a comparative study by having male students expose their chest hair (a comparable padding was not considered).

So Incredibly Silly, On "As It Happens", the well-known CBC radio show, the author of a book on bodybuilding told host Barbara Frum that homosexuals have an aesthetic outlook toward life which is why they adore bodybuilders and art exhibitions. (Really, that's exactly what he said.)

Smoother Than a Baby's Bum Dept. One of Ann Lander's correspondents advises her that "chest wigs" are available for those men unblest with nature's own rug. Well, we've seen them and while they do create a gorilla-like patch of dymel at the throat of an open shirt, without the shirt one appears to have glued a dead rat to one's chest. What price hairy?

It's Because They Have Weak Ankles Al Wiseman, assistant security director for the NHL, commenting on recent disclosures of homosexuality in the American Football League, says that in professional hockey in Canada "There have been no such incidents," and that "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." It is that experience talking? [And with its mouth full too!]

I Will Suck You Till You Die Judy LaMarsh, in conversation with Dracula experts John Hersch, Elmy Yost, and Rod Conebears, CBC Radio, Jan. 9/76: "Okay, what about sexism in Dracula? Has there ever been a woman Dracula, or a gay Dracula?"

Because I Don't Own a Homograph Commenting on his wife's (Alexis Smith) inclusion in a saphic ramp with Melina Mercouri in her upcoming film *Once Is Not Enough*, Craig Stevens said to her, "It isn't bother you, it doesn't bother me." But in the true tradition of hetero double standard, he confesses, "I wouldn't play a homosexual myself."

Get the idea? If it's trashy enough, clip or cut it, date it and send it to TRASH, c/o The Body Politic, Box 7260, Station A, Toronto, Ont. M5W 1X6.

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FLAUNTING IT

From one closet to another

I've been stammered for "dumping on" people in the closet, in my last column. "Can you forget so easily your own closet days and ways?" "You offer no solutions, no sympathy, you only criticize - all you're doing is adding fuel to self-hatred." "Who do you think you are, telling other people how to live their lives?"

Oh dear
I was riding the streetcar. A man got on, a delicious-looking body. Yes, yes, he had a mind and a soul, but all I could think about were his thighs that bunched gloriously as he sat, across the aisle and one row ahead. He began stroking those fabulous thighs with his hands, slowly, in circles, with his palms, idly, unconsciously (?) Please God, either make him stop or substitute my hands or my thighs, I don't care which he accept or reject, unafraid, before the rest of the people on the streetcar will allow any of that - or before it simply doesn't matter anymore what they think or do. I know this: I will have to make the first move, at whatever risk, if anything is to happen.

(Speaking of thighs, seen any good tensor fascia lata's lately? That's the most talked-about item to have appeared in this space - you can tell where people's minds are. Mine, too.)
Back to the closet, as it were. An exchange I overheard: "Don't you feel persecuted as a gay person?" "No. Where I work everyone knows, and no one cares." "Where do you work?" "I'm a hairdresser." "Of course no one cares, you're a joke, and where would we be without jokes? Keep to your place, faggot, and you won't get hurt."

It is extraordinarily beguiling to keep to your place, society makes sure of that. I know. I've moved to a small community in a fancy-late setting (no inuendo intended), trees, flowers, water, birds, etc., set up house with a lovely man. We sit out in the mornings listening to the wind whispering in the big old trees, eating homemade bread and honey - we even have a cat! To arouse myself from this enchanting languor is hard enough, but to be angry, to work not only against my own inertia but against the vast wallow of it around me, to fight? Cut me another slice of bread, you heavenly man.



One meeting of the Gay Alliance Toward Equality is quite enough to blow this bias: reports of counterattacks in the Damien case clearly calculated to drain his resources and muzzle an already timid press, of refusals by the sleaziest politicians with the thinnest excuses imaginable to discuss gay rights; of gay

people being beaten up and the police saying "you faggots deserve it" of women refused entrance to a gay bar because they're wearing jeans - two hours of that and you're ready to go out shooting, or at least marching. But the march has to be organized, posters made, printed, put up, placards painted, route prepared, permits obtained, speakers enlisted, media informed and rendezvous and twenty-closeters each spawning twenty more. Meanwhile back in Paradise, he made the bread this week, it rose properly and it has sesame seeds on top. How do you stay angry? And if you do stay angry, how do you avoid sinking into a kind of permanent funk, into the numb passivity of cynicism?

Back to my accusers. I remember the closet, yes, because I'm still not out of it. There are moments, many of them, when I'm sure I should be declaring my gayness, but where I can tell myself it isn't really relevant, the situation has nothing to do with being gay or straight, nothing to do with sexuality or human rights, there is no light here, why should I create one? I'm really very polite by nature - no, by upbringing. Besides, I'm wearing my pink triangle, and anyone who wants to ask about it can do so. To my shame, there have also been moments when I look off the pink triangle. It clashed with the colour of my clothing.

One of the accusations: "You're really dumping on other gay people because you're guilty about your own performance." Quite possibly so. (Anar recent accusation: "There's too much 'spilling-of-guts' writing in *The Body Politic*, especially in *Flaunting It*." Perhaps. There's a lot to be spilled, and what better place? Please bear with me.)
A teacher told me: "I'd come out at school if I could find a few others - even one - who would come out, too. But I can't, not one." But how on earth is anyone to know he's looking? Could they be thinking the same thing at the same time? So all these potential allies remain forever just that - potential allies.

Which brings us inevitably to isolation, separatism, the one-person closet, yours and mine. I believe this to be society's ultimate weapon against the individual, particularly the 'deviant' individual, against each one of us. As long as you can keep a person thinking s/he's alone, different, one-of-a-kind, strange, you have power over that person. This seems to be especially insidious in our North American Freudian apartment-dwelling self-oriented competition-centred set-up. Guard to yourself, mind your own business, keep your privacy - it's all you've got. Two is legal, three is subversive.

I'm moved by an event described by William Hinton in *Fanshen*, his account of the Chinese revolution as experienced in 1948 in a Chinese village: a woman complained to the just-established women's committee that her husband had beaten her for attending a meeting of the same committee. Never before, never in thousands of years had a woman complained of such a thing - never had anyone complained of anything, these things were natural, part of life, set in the stars, meant to be. The husband was brought before the committee, reprimanded, refused to repent, the women became so angry they attacked him and beat him! It was dazzling, unheard of, unimagined. Other women, astounded, began to speak up, all for the first time ever. They discovered that others felt the same, and that together they could do so something. It's unlikely they knew they were changing the unchangeable.

Let's talk.

by Michael Riordan

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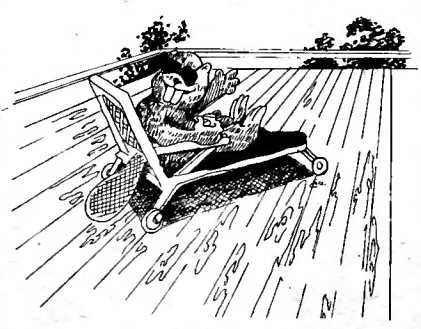
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Anne Bonny & Mary Read

Lesbian Pirates

by Susan Baker

"History," write Nancy Myron and Charlotte Bunch, "is political." Lesbian feminists in particular have been denied the pride of their past accomplishment. Not only factual research but also studies of myths and legends "gain new meaning when viewed from a woman-identified perspective." In the following article, a report from Charles Johnson's *A General History of the Pirates* (1725) is entertained from this perspective. What in C. J. S. Thompson's *The Cruel Mysteries of Sex* (1974) was taken to be the merely curious story of two transvestites is here seen as the bold revolt of two women against a world of male heterosexual privilege.

Anne Bonny and Mary Read were women, were pirates, were lovers. Their story has been mistold and untold, alternating between super whore and oblivion, because men cannot bear to look at a strong woman and say "she is." As Johnson, the best historian on pirates because he was a pirate, put it:

The odd incidents of their rambling lives are such, that some may be tempted to think the whole story no better than a novel, but since it is supported by many thousand witnesses, I mean the people of Jamaica, who were present at their trial, and heard the Story of their Lives, upon the first discovery of *Their Sex*, the Truth of it can no more be contested than that there were such men in the world as *Robinson* and *Blackbeard*, who were *Pyrates*.

Fade in. The port of Charleston, S.C. around 1710. The smell of wet rope, tar, and spilled whiskey. Sweat and clean salt air. A carnival, a circus, a place of whores and pimps. Dark bars and strange stories, where pirates and respectable businessmen haggle over prices of stolen goods. An open pulsing sore that is the life-line of New World.

Gangs of children also prow the wharfs, the beginnings of the poor white trash. They play with knives, drink when they can get it, and steal with ease. A young girl runs among them. She's as dirty as the rest, her red hair cut short as any boy's. They say she's the daughter of a wealthy lawyer, plantation owner, that she speaks French, and they already plan to marry her off. Well, a brat's a brat, and she better not try to pierce this shop. — Then again, if my life were settled at age ten.

The same port five years later. The wharf is a little cleaner, till tonight! (A sailor on leave is still a sailor on leave.) And the pirates more respectable. Any one who dares England and France can't be all bad. Captain James Brown has become the aristocracy of Penn, and Ben Fletcher the governor of New York. Anne Cornick, dressed in green, her red hair falling loose down her back, fre-



Anne Bonny, from an eighteenth-century engraving.

quents the taverns on the arm of first this buccannier, then that. Few remember her as the scab-kneed tomboy. Better stories follow her now. How she beat a would-be sailor with a chair, hospitalizing him for a month; or how during a match she publicly undressed her fencing master, button by button with the edge of her sword. And her a lady and all. She better take care with that skinny pimp, James Bonny, she's keeping company with. Her father better marry her off quick.

Anne and James Bonny eloped. Her father disinherits her, and she in a fit of rage, burns down the plantation and flees to New Providence, near what now is Nassau, Bahamas, surrounded with coral reefs and hidden rocks, dangerous passage for the king's Men O'War, endowed with fresh water, turtles, and wild hogs. New Providence was a pirate's paradise, a haven for the hunted of the New and Old World. Here docked

Blackbeard, Captain Kidd, Stede Bonnet, and countless other folk heroes. Here Anne Bonny came to make her fortune.

As she disembarked, a one-eyed drunken sailor blocked her way. Before him were two barrels, on one a pint of ale, on the other a brace of pistols. "Nobody passes here who doesn't drink with me," Anne, who had her fill of fathers, priests, and "Hey, baby, can I walk with you," drew her pistol and shot off his other ear.

"By God, is that a head? I thought I was shooting the handle off a mug." She had established herself among the pirates.

She dismissed her husband, "He's of no use to me," and took up residence with a pirate of the times, Captain Jennings, and his mistress Meg.

Meg's first warning to Anne was: "You'll need a man. You can't stay in New Providence without the protection of

a man." Unfortunately this was true, not only in New Providence, but in all 17th century society. Women could not enter business or own property. They were the property of their husbands to be bought, sold, murdered at his will. If you were not the property of one man, you were the property of all men. The experiences of the following members of the female population of New Providence, all mistresses and prostitutes, show what happened to women who were not protected by middle class men:

Meg — to protect herself from a drunken husband, stabbed him with a knife. Common law called it Master murder (earlier it was called God murder), which was worse than murder and she fled for life. Somehow she met up with Captain Jennings, who took her to New Providence.

"One Eye" Hawkins — who wore a pirate patch over one eye. A victim of divorce by sale, a common custom where a husband publicly auctioned his wife and the receipt is recognized as divorce papers (more on this later). She was arrested for deserting the second man and sent to Virginia as a bond servant. She escaped to New Providence.

Beth — an excellent midwife who was blamed for the maternal death during Caesarian birth of a wealthy lady and fled.

Zola — a free mulatto who got tired of being fair game for every white man and decided to demand money for it.

To cop some heterosexual privilege, Anne Bonny seduced the richest man on the island, Chicheley Bayard, but soon decided being the mistress of a rich man was as boring as being his wife, and left him for a pirate, Calico Jack Rackham. Anne needed a male protector and figurehead for her plans, and Calico Jack, named for his loud striped and patch work pants was perfect. Contrary to popular belief Calico Jack was not a ladies' man; in fact he was not even a pirate (yet). He had made his way across the Atlantic as a captain's paramour and gravitated to New Providence, which more than one historian describes as "a lively homosexual community." He was properly copping as much heterosexual privilege from Bonny as she was from him. (In all honesty, she did have one child by him which she promptly disposed of.) Mary Read (be patient, she'll enter the story soon) was also forced by the society of the time to take a male protector, but not until her affair with Anne had forced her into the open as a woman. You didn't have to kill as many men if you were "with a man aboard ship."

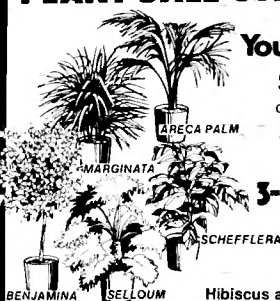
On a full moon the fiddler crabs come out from the ocean and their mud flats to dance on the shore. The fish run thicker and the gulls dive crazy at midnight. On the full moon Anne Bonny planned her first

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FEATURES

Lesbian Pirates...

Continued from page 13

One of Anne's new friends was Pierre who ran the coffee shop, hairdressing and dressmaking establishment. He has been called Pierre Bousquet, Pierre Delvin, Peter Bosket, but mainly history has recorded him Pierre, the Pansy Pirate. His main passion was designing fine clothes of velvet and silk but such clothes were rare in New Providence. When they heard about a French Merchantman going by, loaded with fine material, Anne had little trouble convincing him to go.

Together they outfit Hollywood 200 years before it existed. With a group of Pierre's friends, they stole a boat from the abandoned wrecks in the harbor and flung turtle blood over the topside, deck and themselves. In the bow they placed a dress dummy, in women's clothing, and covered it with blood. Anne stood over it with a blood soaked axe, and they sailed out to the Merchantman. When the French Merchantman's crew saw them, they were so horrified at the scene of mayhem and demons aboard ship, they turned over the cargo without a fight.

Anne had learned her most valuable tactic, terrorism. Woodes Rogers, the new governor of New Providence, stood on his flagship dubiously surveying his new domain. The harbor was littered with sunken and abandoned ships. The surrounding reefs had effectively kept him from entering the harbor until high tide the next morning.

Capitalism had taken another shift. The wars in Europe were letting up, and the Americas were establishing themselves as trading colonies. An indigenous aristocracy had developed, and the pirates who had offered them relief from high tariffs, now became the pirates, getting in the way of their profits. They had to go.

There was no way of rounding them all up. Men like Blackbeard and Captain Roberts commanded naval forces the likes of which were not to be seen again in the New World until the Civil War. Rogers had hit on a better plan: The King's Pardon. Any pirate turning himself in and reforming would be pardoned. In the morning he would sail into the harbor, pardoning all those who accepted, and hanging all those who didn't. Advance word informed only one crew would not accept and planned to escape during the night. Accordingly, he had bottled up the harbor and placed his fleet on combat watch.

All of a sudden a deserted ship started to move. Someone had raised the sail and latched the steering wheel on a course straight for Rogers' fleet. He ordered it blown out of the water, but the first shot ignited oil that had been spilled over the deck. The flames soon set off the four pound guns which had been loaded with belaying pins and all matter of flammable objects, showering the fleet with balls of fire. Any minute the fire would reach the powder room, and explode the whole ship, taking any nearby ship with it. Two of Rogers' ships and two brigs fled in terror. The ship exploded and in the confusion Vane's ship slipped through the new-made hole and disappeared before Rogers' ships could turn and open fire.

On the deck stood Anne, who with Calico Jack and Pierre, had decided not to accept the pardon. Her crime here had been "a woman's crime against her rightful authority," the attempted murder of her father, and would not have been covered in the pardon. (The other women soon learned that, while murder, rape, and theft were forgivable crimes, the crime of a woman living without a husband was not, and fled soon after). Anne was stripped to the waist for

freedom if combat developed and wore black velvet pants - designed by Pierre. One hand rested on the hilt of her sword, and the other held a long silk scarf, which she gaily waved at Woodes Rogers "as daintily as any line lady being seen off on a long ocean voyage."

It had been she who had designed the escape.

Anne soon had to establish herself as the equal of any man aboard ship, and she did it the only way she knew how. She offered a prick.

One particularly obnoxious crew member claimed to be going against her every time she walked by, smiling shyly. She called him out to a duel, calmly waited for him to draw his pistol first, and then just as calmly shot him dead. Anne was a no-nonsense female.

Many children's pirate stories claim Anne sailed only as an already established Captain's mistress. In fact, Jack was not even a pirate until he sailed with Anne; and she would have killed any man who did not treat her exactly for what she was, a pirate on her own right.

Why, exactly, the crew mistook it is not known. But that Anne instigated it is not hard to imagine. When the votes were taken, Jack had a second vote, Vane ten. Had they stayed that way, Vane would have remained Captain, and Anne and Jack unmistakably dead; but she had always realized the men would not accept a woman leader for long, and had long ago chosen Calico Jack as her figurehead. She threw her votes to Calico, he became Captain, Vane was set adrift, and Anne became second in command and ruler in everything but name. She even threw Jack out of the Captain's quarters and inhabited them by herself.

Eventually the crew decided to take the pardon after all and resettle in New Providence. It was important enough to Rogers, to keep Anne off the high seas, to ask pardon for her also. Here (possibly in some gay bar) Anne first met Mary or Mark Reed, who had also been pardoned. New Providence, like the rest of the New World had plenty of gay bars. Annesia was being settled by the lumpen of the world, and like Pierre, came here feeling homosexual, as well as religious, oppression.

While Anne was terrorizing the New World, Mary Reed was coming into her own in England. Much less is known about her, because as a member of the lower classes, her story did not capture the historians' interest.

It is known she was born to Moll Reed, whose husband had been two years at sea. To save her honor and insure Mary's inheritance from her grandfather, Moll dressed her as a boy and passed her off as her dead son, Mark. The problem not that Mary couldn't play the role, but she played it too well and became so wild and unruly, her grandmother disinherited her anyway. Moll, faced with a child who never would be "feminine" enough to catch a man, decided it was safer to let her be a man, and apprenticed her as a footboy.

Mary disliked fetching and carrying, and ran away to join the army. There she fell in love with another soldier, but the army, upon opening the Three Horse shoes Inn, Her husband died and the bar failed so she again put on men's clothing and signed on as a Dutch Merchantman. The ship was taken by English pirates, and Mary, willingly or unwillingly, joined them as Mark Reed, English sailor. The ship's home port was New Providence.

Anne, Mary, Pierre, et al. would have settled down to live honestly and happily ever after; but male power says a woman cannot be so independent and independent at the same time. James Bonny, Anne's discarded husband, came to heal his wounded ego and claim his property. He kidnapped Anne, dressed her naked and bound before the governor and charged her with a major felony - deserting her husband. What he really wanted was money, and shy, all the time mistaking that she not be unbound because "that helcat will kill me on the spot," suggested divorce by sale. The crew, except for Mary Reed, who had to be restrained, was more than willing to

continued on next page

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FEATURES

Lesbian Pirates

Continued from page 14

do this, but Anne screamed that she
would not be bought and sold like a hog
or cattle," and the crew realized she
would kill any man, buyer or seller, who
took part in it. Finally the governor
released her on the condition that she
give up her piratical ways, i.e. go back to
her lawful master.

It was Mary who convinced Anne not
to murder the governor. Under her direc-
tion, our heroes and heroines stole
another sloop and set out after James.
He, knowing his helicot wife, had already
tied for his life, but his profitable turtle
business was burned to the ground.
Anne and Mary were on account
together.

Most historians chose to either not
mention or to refute Anne and Mary's
love. Some say Anne didn't even know
Mark was a woman. It is known that
once aboard ship, Anne and the young,
fair-haired Mary were constantly together.
The one account that all stories agree on
is that Calico Jack became enraged at
Anne's new-found love and threatened to
slit his throat from ear to ear. Bursting
upon the cabin he found her, but
Mary, a woman, stretched out on the
bed. As one historian describes it:
"Ironically of all the genuine lovers he
might have found her, this historian
obviously uses the great whore
syndrome to belittle a strong woman)
he had to pick a time when the figure
sprawled on the bed was just a
woman in man's clothing."

Men would have us believe that just
minutes before, Anne, frustrated by
repeated seductions, had thrown Mark on
the bed and ripped off his clothes to
discover Mary. Considering all the time
they had spent together, this is a highly
unlikely coincidence.

Anne was a member of gay culture,
and Pierre the most notorious homo-
sexual in the Caribbean. While a straight
man may have been led by Mark's
clothing, I find it doubtful that those two
would have mistaken Mary for long.

Anne and Mary were evenly matched
in strength, able to outwrestle any
man. Neither could have overcome the
other. Even if by some stretch of the
imagination, Anne had mistaken Mary for
a boy (and considering Mary's behavior
in New Providence they were probably
lovers even then) Mary had to have
come willingly to that bed.

Besides, considering that there were
only two known English women pirates,
what were the chances that they would
end up "accidentally" on the same ship.

At any rate, Mary emerged as a
woman, and the two were inseparable,
wearing fine dresses, meant, literally, for
queens, sometimes dressing as men.

They took over command of the ship.
Men-of-War were sent out to capture that
"damnable female", which historians
would have us believe referred to the
ship. (Later they refer to "these infamous
women". Come now, a ship in plural?)

At another one of historian Johnson's
"Pirate Trials", the captain of the
Elizabeth, taken off the coast of Florida,
describes the real relation of power
aboard ship.

It was not until we were about to be
allowed to continue on our way that
the notorious Captain Rackham
(Calico) appeared. He is indeed a
neric figure in his colorful costume
but he looked to have just risen from
his bed. His eyes were puffy and his
speech indistinct. He stood clear
when ordered out of the way by his
damnable female companion.

At another trial in Jamaica in 1720,
John Harper, a pirate, said, "She had the
leader's gift and could arouse us to
declare war on the whole world".

The Royal Queen rolled peacefully in

the Cuban anchor. The waves slapped
on her straining sides. She was as
fast as a sloop and as powerful as a
Man-of-War, with 20 pound guns, the best
made ship on either side of the Atlantic.
Her cabins were lined with mahogany
and inlaid with gold and jewels. Anne
and Mary wanted her.

The prize was even sweeter because
it belonged to Chidley Bayard, Anne's old
lover, who had long been out for her
neck, and worse still, who had taken
James Bonny as a business partner. The
ship had been entered into the command
of Captain Hudson, a self-fancied ladies'
man. The rest was easy.

Anne, finding it convenient to play the
lady, seduced him into bringing her
aboard with the promise to first order all
his men below deck to protect her "deli-
cate" reputation. Once on board, Anne
drugged Hudson's wine and took a walk
on the now empty deck. The next morning
with sweet words about what a great
lover he had been, she bid him goodbye
and he sailed out of the harbor. "Little
wey out he was attacked by Anne's
crew. He ordered the gunmen to open
fire, but they could not. All the firing pins
had been soaked with water the night
before. The fastest ship in the command
of been taken with only one man being
killed - Captain Hudson, by Mary. Anne
had had her revenge on Chidley by
taking his ship and her lover, and so.

All pirates are eventually taken, and so
with Anne and Mary. A hurricane had
recently destroyed the Royal Queen and
halved the crew. They now sailed their
customary pirate's sloop. So did their
conqueror, Captain Bonnet, reasoning
correctly that the customary Man-of-War
could never outmaneuver a smaller
sloop. When he pulled alongside the
men were all drunk and it took them a
while to realize it was not a fellow
pirate's but the King's own navy prepa-
ring to open fire on even, in the heat of
battle, the crew all scurried below deck
in terror, except Anne and Mary, who
thought like "all the female demons a
sailor's nightmares on a stormy night are
made of". At one point Mary, in a rage,
ran to the bow demanding the men come
out and join the fight. When they didn't,
she opened fire on them, killing two and
wounding six. Puffing up with courage, it
took an hour and all Bonnet's crew to
subdue two women.

They were taken to trial in St. Jago de
la Vega, and the whole crew were found
guilty. When asked if they knew of any
reasons why they should be spared,
Anne and Mary answered, "Your honor,
we plead our bellies," and were par-
doned. Now neither woman actually pro-
duced a child, and the doctor who
examined them was the same doctor they
had saved from the rack aboard the
prison ship Jewel less than a year
earlier.

Anne was allowed to see dear Calico
before he was hanged, and all she had
to say was: "I am sorry to see you in this
predicament, but had you thought like a
man you would not now have to die like
a dog."

Mary died of a fever contracted in
prison, and Anne just disappeared. Some
say she got married and returned to
Charleston, highly unlikely considering
she was still wanted for arson, attempted
murder, conspiracy against the King's
authority, and capturing and releasing
not a few slave ships. Others say in the
jined a nursery, or got married with a
group of religious fanatics.

At any rate, at the time Anne Hutchin-
son was exiled, the Salem witches were
hanged, and the going price for a wife
was less than a head of beef, two
women managed to live life the way they
wanted. They knew what we are all
learning. If men make the laws, we must
break them. Outlaw to break the great
law Prick, we are lovers.[]

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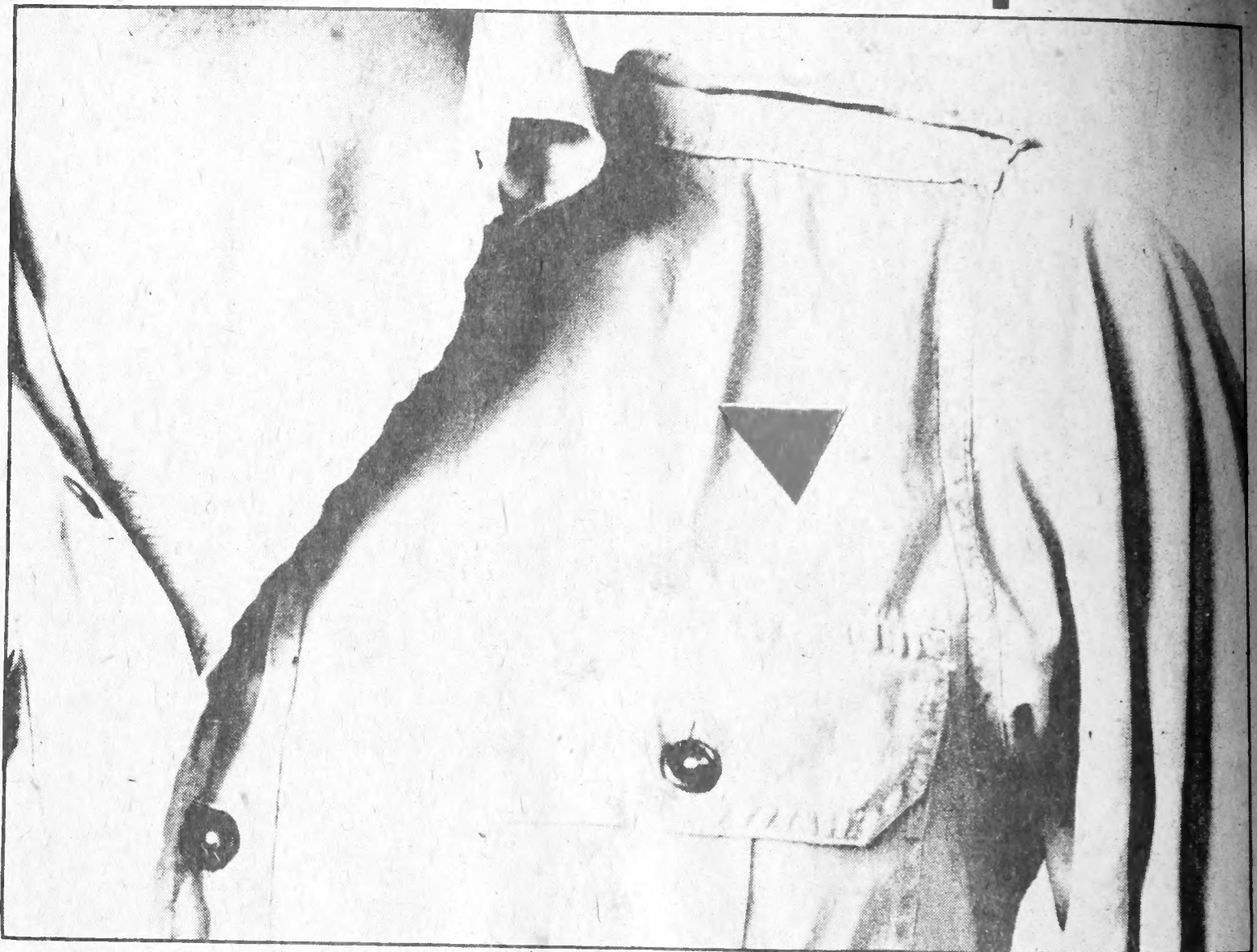


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